THE Love-sick KING,

An English

Tragical History:

WITH

The Life and Death of *Cartesmunda*, the fair Nun of *Winchester*.

Written by *Anth. Brewer*, Gent.

LONDON,
Printed for *Rob. Pollard* at the *Ben. Jonson*-head behind the Exchange, and *John Sweeting* at the Angel in Popes-head-Alley.
1655.

Persons of the Play.

Ethelred King of England, slain.	*The Abbot of Winchester.*
Alured his Brother, after disguised under the name of *Eldred*, and at last King.	*Goodgift* a Merchant of Newcastle.
Canutus King of Denmark, the Love-sick King.	*Randal* a Coal-Merchant, brother to Goodgifts wife.
The King of Scotland.	*George*, Factor to Goodgift
Edmond Duke of Thetford	*Thornton* the Pedlar.
Edulf and *Edell*, Lords.	*Grim* the Collier, Servant to Randal.
1 Captain.	*A Black-smith.*
2. Captain.	*A Gold-smith.*
Osbert the Rebel, Duke of Mertia.	*Elgina*, Sister to Canutus King of Denmark.
Erkinwald, and *Harrold*, Lords of Denmark.	*Carteswanda* the fair Nun of Winchester.
Oslick, *Hoffman*, & *Huldrick*, Danes,	*Wife to Goodgift*, after his widow.
Walcolme, a Scot.	*The Scene*, England.

The Love Sick KING.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter King Etheldred, Alured *his Brother*, Edmond *Duke of* Thetford, Eduif, Edell *Earl of Hampshire, with their Swords drawn, and some Souldiers wounded before them. Alarms continuing afar off.*

King. Stay and hear me speak my noble Friends, my Subjects and my Souldiers hear your King; in nine set Battels gainst the conquering *Danes* hath *Ethelred* with various fortunes fought, to rescue you and *England* from the spoyls of War and Tyranny: Recall your spirits, this City *Winchester* is all our strength,
And if you cease to fight, the Foe comes on,
With bloody rage, and sad confusion.

Cap. I. The breach is made, the Danes rush ore the Walls, and like the pent up Ocean 'bove his banks, falls from his height with roaring violence, and drowns us all in blood.

Alu. despair not quite,
We yet may beat 'em back, arm, arm to fight.

Edm. The *Danes* are in the streets, slaughter begins, and execution is their Souldiers words. O will you lay your throats beneath their swords, or doth your danger make you desperate? your houses will be preys to fire and theft.

King. Your Wives and Daughters slaves to *Danish* lust.

Alur. Your Children in their Mothers arms struck dead.

Edm. The names of English torn from memory;
Oh let your valors in one chance be hurl'd,
Or quite extirpe a Nation from the World.

King. See, on my knees, I pray you, for your selves; O 'tis for *Englands* safety not my own, makes me a Subject to my Subjects thus,

pitty your King, your Country, and your ſelves that now are falling, let your valors riſe, and in this laſt reſiſt your enemies.

Alu. Now by my Princely birth (my royal Brother) His ſight amazes more than all the *Danes*; riſe, riſe, and ſpeak no more; put them away, the ſtones will ſooner yeeld you aid than they.

2. *Capt.* Rip up our Breſts, and ſee our loyal hearts to fight and die for you in this juſt cauſe, But death hath ſeized us, all our bloods are waſted, and through our many wounds our ſouls exhauſted.

1. *Capt.* And ſince we can no more, O let your ſwords take ſwift revenge, and ſave the *Danes* a labor, In killing us you eaſe our preſent woes. *Alarm and cryes within.*

Ent. Edel. Fly royal Princes, ſave your lives by flight, the day looks clouded, there's no hope of ſafety; The traiterous *Osbert* Duke of *Mertia* makes Head againſt you, and with all his Troops, enters the City gates, guards in the *Danes*, tryumphs in ſlaughter thorough every ſtreet. The aged Father of St. *Swithins* Abby, that with his holy Groſs between his hands, mounted the Walls to cauſe the Souldiers on to fight for Freedom and Religion, Seeing this Treaſon, hath retir'd himſelf, and on the holy Altar heaves his hands, awaiting death; the chaſt religious Mayds, with *Cartoſmunda* their fair Governeſs,
Flock to the Temple as their laſt defence,
Hoping that place may ſhield their innocence.

King. Come, Princely *Alured*, my noble Brother, lets ſeek to ſtop their preſſing through the City, if we muſt die---.

Alur. 'Tis but our Fate
Which even till death cloſe by thy ſide Ile wait. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter Osbert, Erkinwald, Harold, and the Danes crying Kill, kill, the wounded Souldiers riſe and fight, to them, the King, Alured, and the Engliſh, who are driven out and the King ſlain.

Edm. Seek for your ſafety, Sir, the King is dead.

Alur. See noble *Edmond* what the *Danes* have done, a King, by Heaven created for a Crown, now onely made fit for a golden Urne, betrayd to death and ſlaughter pittileſs.

Edm. Curſe on the Traitors heart that wrought this Treaſon, rebellious *Osbert* that betrayeſt thy Country.

Alur. Leave his reward to Heaven that will avenge it; and brave Duke *Edmond*, ſith the times are ſuch, lets take diſguiſe with ſpeed and ſeek for ſafety; If Heaven be pleas'd, brave Lord, we yet may live, if not, what Heaven has given, ile freely give. Hie thee to *Thetford*, raiſe

thy

thy friends in *Norfolk*, If I escape with life, Ile post to *Scotland*, *Donald* the King is of a noble spirit, and will not slack I know to send his aide against this common Foe to both our Kingdoms.
There shalt thou meet me, tho our journeys far,
Wee'l once again renue this dreadful war.

Edm. Spoke like the hope of *England*! Royal Prince! shake hands in this red City, and then part, for in thy quarrell I will live and dye.

Alu. First bear hence this cold clay of Majesty, our hapless Brother, and revenge his death.

Edm. That, and what else may but expresse thy Worth and Title to the Crown, ile still pursue, or may black infamy my basenes tell.

Alu. My soul shall quit thy love. Brave Prince farewell.

Exeunt severally.

Alarm. Enter Canutus, Kief Denmark, Elgina his Sister, Erkinwald, Osbert, Harold, Ostrick, Souldiers.

Osb. The Cities wone, my Lord, the King is slain, and great *Canutus* with his Royal Troops may take possession of this conquer'd Town.

Canu. Thy love brave *Osbert* duke of *Mercia*, revolting from the *English* to our part, has overturn'd the City *Winchester*, drown'd in the blood of Kingly *Ethelred* and all his Hoast. Hie thee Duke *Erkinwald*, conduct our beauteous Sister to our Tent: You shall go back *Elgina* strongly guarded, till with our swords we clear all passages that may oppose our peaceful enterance.
Stand on yon Hill, and hear the *English* crys,
While Trumpets sound the *Danish* Victories.

Conduct her Elkinwald.

Erk. I shall, great Prince.

Elgi. The Gods protect thy noble Brothers safety, and crown thy brows with wreathes of victory.

Canu. Duke *Harold* take our Guards, and march before, ransack the Temple, and each private house,
Who bears the name of *English* strike him dead;
This day the Kingdom's wholly conquered.

Osb. Long may it so remain to great *Canutus*; an hundred thirty years the *English* Kings have paid just Tribute to the conquering *Danes*, which now re-conquered, with assured hopes to hold possession of the State and Crown, see here the slaughtered Body of a King

Usurping and disloyal *Etheldred*,
Thus *Osbert* sets his foot upon thy head,
That was annointed late with precious Balm,
Rejoycing that by me thy pride is falln.

Canu. Forbear brave *English* Lord, remember this, he was a King, let not thy Subject foot tread on thy Soveraigns head; Take off his Crown, and when the slaughter's past present it to us, and we will then reward thy faithful service; enter the Town, spare neither Sex nor Age,
Whip out this *English* Race, with iron rods;
The vanquish'd are but men, the Victors, gods. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. *A great Cry within. Enter Abbot bearing a Cross, Cartesmunda with two Tapers burning, which she placeth on the Altar, two or three Nuns following.*

Abbot. Come holy Virgins, hie you to the Altar.

Car. The raging Foe pursues, defend us Heaven, Take Virgin tears, the balm of martyr'd Saints, as tribute due to thy Tribunal Throne; with thy right hand keep us from rage and murder; let not our danger fright us, but our sins: Misfortunes touch our Bodies, not our Souls;
Keep Faith before us, from Hell none escapes,
Our deaths may be thy will, but not our Rapes.

Abb. Fair *Cartesmunda*, bright illustrious Maid, O be thou constant in this day of tryal.
Vertue is Vice unless it do persever,
That is true Holiness that lasts for ever.

Car. Upon my knees to you and Heaven I swear, when I do yeeld my Virgin vow to lust, in the soft Twines of an insatiate bed, may I give up the treasure of my youth
To such a man, whose lust and poisoned breath
May soon reward my sin, and be my death. *Follow, follow,*

Alarm.

Abb. Such Vows being kept are true religious. Hark, hark, the bloody Foe has forc'd the Temple.
Turn boldly and be constant, here's the tryal.

All Virgins, To Nature wee'l be false, to Heaven be loyal.

Alarm. *Enter Canutus, Erkinwald, Harold, Hofman, Osrick, Souldiers.*

Canu. On, on, kill all, spare none; this by *Canutus* dyes, ha! Who

Who holds my conquering hand? what power unknown,
By Magick thus transforms me to a stone,
Senseless of all the faculties of life?
My blood runs back, I have no power to strike.
Call in our Guards, and bid them all give ore,
Sheath up your swords with me, and kill no more;
Her Angel-beauty cryes, she must not dye;
Nor live but mine: O I am taken strangely
Methinks I lift my sword against my self,
When I oppose her: All perfection!
O see, the pearled dew drops from her eyes,
Arise in peace; fair soul, will you be mine?

Car. If you be death not else.

Canut. Here is his power, for if my wrath thou move,
This blow shall rid my heart of torturing love;
Pale deaths effect shall take away the cause, and I be free as Ayr: Thou Sorceress, that stay'st my hand with Witchcraft, and with Charms: I will unwind thy cunning Exorcisms. Rare beautious Virgin, Will you love *Canutus*?

Cartes. When to these bodies dead, thou giv'st new life, I then will love thee.

Canut. Ile give thee death, As those in blood have fain; and thou shalt dye. I cull, — We will withdraw; Then kill her.

Cartes. And I am ready. Tyrant, do thy worst. O heaven!

Canut. Hold Traytor, hold, th'ast kill'd thy Sovereign. Does she not bleed? O Love how strong's thy fear? All *England* shall not buy this Jewel from me: Didst thou strike her?

Har. I had not drawn my sword, you came so sudden.

Canut. Nor never may'st thou draw it 'gainst her life, so she bee pleas'd to love.

Cartes. To hate thee I will love, but never love thee.

Canut. Grant me thy Love, my Royalties are thine, and thou shalt strike the Sun blind with thy lustre, in Ornaments more rich then is the Treasure hid in the unknown bottome of the Sea; And for thy pleasures—

Cartes. Peace, sleek Flattery. Thou seekest to violate my Virgin Vow with thy inchanting tongue, which ere I break,
The heavens shall fright the earth; Saints prove unjust,
Death lose this power, ere I imbrace mans lust.

Canut. She turns me wild with rage and passion; Ile rip thy bosome up to see that wonder, a constant womans heart: Sure thine is flint, ye thus

thus Ile peirce it were it Adamant: Oh! *He offers to strike, and his sword falls.*

Erkin. My Royal Lord.

Har. Great Prince recall your spirits.

Canut. I'm struck with lightning from the torrid Zone,
Stand all betwixt me and that flaming Sun;
Yet do not: Let her heat in death be spent.
Go *Erkinwald*, convey her to my Tent.
Let her be guarded with more watchful eyes,
Then heaven has stars, for fear she be surpriz'd;
If here she stay, I shall consume and dye,
'Tis time must give my passions remedy.
Art thou not gone? Kill him that gazeth on her,
For all that see her, sure must doat like me;
And Treason will be wrought against us for her.
Be sudden. To our Tents, Prethee away,
The hell on earth is love that brings delay. *Exit Erkin. with Cartes.*

Har. The Duke of *Mertia* with the *English* Crown attends the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Canut. Present him to us; O obdurate Maid,
The *English* Crown is valueless to thee,
This thy *Idea* crowns my victory. *Ent. Osbert.*

Osb. Low, as obedience, thus the vanquish'd *English* yeelds subject duty to the King of *Danes*, and with this conquer'd Crown our lives and honors.

Canut. You please us well Duke *Osbert*; come invest us, thy warlike hand shall crown *Canutus* head, For by thy aid, this Realm is conquered.

Osb. Long live *Canutus* mighty King of *Danes*, of *Denmark*, *Norway*, and of *England* King. *Florish.*

Canut. Thanks Duke of *Mertia*, We must now remember that by thy late revolt we wan this City, slew *Etheldred* the Lord of many thousands.
Now for reward which should ha' come before,
Thou never shalt crown King or subject more.
Off with his head.

Osb. My Lord.

Canut. A guard I say, stop up the Traytors mouth: Let us have fear, not love; Mans nature will be bold where it is lik'd; A Kingdome got by blood must so be kept: I will not hear him speak; Away with him;

him; Bring me his wiſdoms head into my Tent, there weel converſe.

Osb. Heavens wrath is juſtly ſent. *Exit with Guard.*

Canut. Here was it that I ſaw that blazing Star whoſe bright aſpect promis'd a general peace to this affrighted Kingdome: Torches Slaves, the night comes on us, we are all in darkneſs, prepare my bed, weel reſt us after toyl, and ſleep, thou mother of forgetfulneſs, drown all my thoughts that ere I ſaw this Virgin, make her a ſtranger to my memory, that I may joy in this, not dye for love. *Hofman*, her looks are heaven; her eyes are *Cupids* darts; Go bring her to me: Art not gone yet ſlave? It is an Embaſſie too good for *Hermes*, the Herauld of the gods: Thou ſhalt meet Lightning, yet on thou muſt, go ask that weeping Nun, doſt hear me? Art not gone? Were *Helen* now alive, this Maid alone would ſtain her beauty and new *Troy* ſhould burn, *Paris* would dye again to live to ſee her: O bring me her, Dull ſlave with reverence; Let not the Sun be more out-worſhipp'd by the tann'd *Barbarian*: Tell her, A bleeding Lover ſent thee to her, and name me if thou chance to ſee her ſmile: Tha'lt not forgot my name.

A cup of Wine ready.

Hof. No my good Lord.

Canut. Let me not ſpurn thee, Go, Fetch me ſome Wine, weel war a while with Love. Fair *Phædra*, who in *Corinth* once was found, compar'd to her, as different they wo'd ſhow, as ſable Ebony to Alpine Snow; when firſt I ſaw her at the holy Altar, Surely the gods more careful of her life, then of a maſs of ſouls brought me upon her, and fix'd my ſoul to hers: Let's have ſome Muſick. *Ent. Hofman.*

But thou prevent'ſt us with a better ſound. The Accent of her Name ſtrikes Muſick dumb, for ſhe is Ayr of all perfection. -- Her Name?

Hof. Her three times ſacred Name, moſt Royal King, is *Carteſmunda*, a Religious Nun.

Canut. It needs no Epithite t'expreſs the Name,
For *Carteſmunda* is the worlds bright frame.
I charge thee Villain, ſtrait conduct her to me. Her ſacred Name is *Carteſmunda* call'd; O faireſt ſoul! I fear't a harder Task to conquer thee, than all the ſpacious Bounds of *Barbary*; Had the gods none to take my glory from me, but a weak woman? O ſtrange deſtin'd Fate! Ten Worlds in Arms againſt *Canutus* State.

Enter Osrick, and Carteſmunda.

See the day breaks; Look where *Aurora* comes, and ſee the Mornings dew falls from her eyes, begetting better Flowers than thoſe of May

from the glad raviſh'd Earth: O tell me Fayr, Speak *Engliſh* Maid; How cameſt thou to my ſight? What makeſt thou here? Cameſt thou to murder me?

Cartiſ. What all my friends have found but wretched I,
I ſeek for, death to end my miſery.

Canut. But canſt not find him, for thou art immortal; Death wud dye for thee, if he ever ſaw thee, and for thy ſake make blunt his Ebon dart; Pray weep no more, He prayes that might command; We will not force the Jewel thou ſo prizeſt, till thou bequeath it freely to my youth. We are oth' Eagles kind, and ſcorn to ſtoop to an ignoble Thought: Sweet will you hear me; 'Twas King *Canutus* fetch'd that ſigh you heard: Still turn aſide! Well, if you loathe me, leave me; there lyes your way: Yet be adviſ'd, Fond Maid; No ſooner ſhalt thou paſs from forth my ſight, but the baſe Souldiers will lay hold on thee, and what I value 'bove Religion, will not be thus much there, They'l raviſh thee, and therefore prethee ſtay, with tears I pray thee. Thou froſty *April*, woo't not love for love? Doo't then for Honor, Pleaſure, Majeſty: Ungentle ſtill? Then get thee from my ſight: Go to the Woods, and learn of wilder Beaſts a little pitty: You preſerve chaſtity with a foul ſin, Ingratitude: Goodnight; Yet ſtay, We are ſtrangers, We may kiſs at parting; Thou haſt infus'd *Promethean* Fires into me: I have two lives, Yet none of them mine own. Fair *Carteſmunda*, If thou wilt be gone, bid me Goodnight, though in ſome Language that I underſtand not:

Carteſ. Goodnight, My Lord.

Canut. When ſhall I have thy Love?

Carteſ. When men ſhall ceaſe to think there is a God, or any thing more ſtrange: Alas, great Prince!
My chaſtity ſtands at the Bar above,
My Life I owe to you, but not my Love.

Canut. So young, and full of grey hair'd Purity: In vain I ſhoot againſt a wall of braſs, that ſends mine own ſhafts back upon my ſelf. I muſt chooſe fitter time to conquer thee. Lights, and a double guard t' attend my Love.
(Faireſt) Good reſt; be dutious in her keeping,
Ile wake with thought of thee, and then with weeping.

Exeunt. Manet Erkiwald, Harold, Captain.

Erk. The King is Love-ſick *Harold*; Joyn thy powers, and round begirt this City *Wincheſter*; Beſet the wayes, let not the *Engliſh* ſcape, That ſtood the ſiege and ſack of *Wincheſter*.

Har.

Har. I think there's few eſcap'd, the King is ſlain
And *England* now ſubmits toth' conquering *Dane.*

Erk. Prince *Alured*, the Brother to the King, and *Edmond* Duke of *Thetford* both are ſcap'd and may raiſe powers afreſh: Therefore be careful. *Enter Elgina.*

Har. Doubt not my Lord. See here comes the Princeſs. *Ex.*

Erk. Madam, I bring you dear commends from your great Brother, *England* is won, and the white flag of peace is rear'd upon the ruins of this City, King *Etheldred* is ſlain, and great *Canutus* inveſted with his Crown and Dignity. What conqueſt can be more?

Elg. That you ſubdue your thoughts; good ſir, give ore, till I have conference with the King.

Erk. And then youle love?

Elg. Till then ile love no other.

Enter two Souldiers dragging in Alured in diſguiſe.

1 *Soul.* Drag him along, he's *Engliſh* and muſt dye. Come forward ſir.

Alu. Yee cannot fright me, 'tis my wiſh to die,
And I that ſeek it ſcoff your Tyranny,
O for fair *Englands* good and my loſt powers,
Mine be the ſuffering, and the glory yours.

Erk. What priſoner have our *Daniſh* Souldiers got?

2 *Sould.* One of the ſtraggling *Engliſh*, my good Lord,
And now are leading him to have him tortur'd.

Erk. Let him come near us, Say, what art thou?
(*Whiſpers with Alured.*

Elg. Some God, I think, diſguis'd in humane ſhape, come down to court us with bewitching looks,
There's ſomething tels me, if my thoughts ſpeak truth,
To thee I owe the pleaſure of my youth.

Erk. Was that thy fortune, 'thad been better far
Th'adſt fallen amongſt thy friends in this dread war
Then live to further ſhame. Away and hang him.

Elg. Stay good my Lord.

Erk. Madam forbear, the King hath ſworn the deaths of all that bar'd his enterance to this City; they ſcorn'd his profer'd peace, and now muſt periſh. This may ſuffice, Hee's *Engliſh*, and muſt dye.

Elg. If all the *Engliſh* periſh, then muſt I, for I (now know) in *England* here was bred, although deſcended of the *Daniſh* blood, King *Hardiknut* my Father, thirty years governed the one half of this famous

mous Kingdom, where I; that time was born an *English* Princess;
Therefore I pray, my Lord, set this man free
Let me bestow his life and liberty;
Ile beg it of the King.

Erk. Madam, tis yours, go Souldiers drink this gold, and let our word to you discharge your Prisoner.

1. *Sould.* It shall my Lord, wo'd we were rid of all the *English* thus.
Ex. Sould.

Elg. Pray Sir, resolve me, what has your fortunes been?

Alu. The most of woes dear Princess, I have liv'd to see my Country ruin'd, my friends murdred,
My self condemn'd to die, and but for you
I had been dead, that life I have's your due.

Elg. Comfort your self, henceforth you shall be mine,
Attend this, noble Lord, 'tis for your good;
Where mildness conquers, we must shed no blood.

Erk. You are all compact of Love and Mercy (Lady) attend me sir, and for this Princess sake, we will prefer thee; come beauteous Madam you now must leave the Tents to entertain the glorious tryumphs of the great *Canutus*, whom you must comfort, for the Love-sick King sits sadly doating on a beauteous Nun.

Elg. Is't possible (my Lord) the King our brother,
In midst of Conquest sho'd be *Cupids* prisoner?

Erk. Such is loves power, it flies with swiftest wings,
And midst his armed Guards he woundeth Kings.

Elg. Venus defend me, if he be thus powerful we shall be all Souldiers, and these stern Wars must be transformed into Loves encounters. Well, my good Lord, wee'l see this *English* wonder my Brother so admires, call for our Guard and Train.

Erk. They are ready (madam)

Elg. Go you before then (sir) and Ile not stay,
Look to your Prisoner, lest he run away.

Erk. O fear not Lady-- Come sir, *Ex. Erk. Alur.*

Elg. Wo'd he wo'd run, so he wo'd take me with him, by *Jove* I love him, but 'tis bashfulness, that thus makes women hide their passions, even till we burst and die; we must not plead love,
Yea, tho't be offered we must still refuse it.
With fond denial when we wish to chuse it.
I see no sence for this; well amorous youth,
For thy sake Ile teach women what to do,

And

And ſpight of cuſtom to begin to wooe. *Exit.*

ACT. 2.

Enter Thorneton with Needles, and a A Lambs-skin, Singing.

Thor. Be gone, be gone, my Juggy, my Puggy, be gone my Love, my Dear, my Money is gone, and ware I have none, but one poor Lamb-skin here: Why ſo, and who buies this Lamb-skin now, A moſt fine, dainty, nappy Lamb-skin, if a Lady would line her Petticoat, A ſweeter Lamb-skin cannot kiſs her Cataſtrophe: Let me ſee, how often do I transform my ſelf in four and twenty hours? Firſt, Here in *Northumberland*, mine own native Country, amongſt poor people I change theſe myllan fuſtian Needles into eggs, then my eggs into money, and then am I a Merchant, not of Eell-skins, but Lamb-skins; and thus poor *Thornton* of *Northumberland*, picks out a living in ſpight of Beggery: Yet this is not the living that I aim at neither; for I may tell to all men that I have a terrible mind to be a horrible rich man; nay, I am half aſſured on't too, for where ere I go, there's ſomething ſtill whiſpers in mine ears, I ſhall be greater, and here at *Newcaſtle* too, into which I am now entring. All which to confirm, a Witch or a Jugler, has guided my fate in writing, and now Ile read it once again, that all the World may know my fortunes, and wonder at them. Mark then, for thus it goes. *Reads.*

Go to *Newcaſtle*, take thy fate,
Yet ere thou enter, count thy State;
If ſervice in that place thou get
Thy wealth will riſe to infinite,
And *Thorntons* name in *England* ſtand,
The richeſt Subject in the Land.

O fortune, how haſt thou favoured a poor Merchant ſtranger? I have all this wealth in conceit already, and all this, have I got of a cunning man, for two poor Millan Needles, and one of 'em lacks an eye too. No matter. Hope keeps the heart whole, and I ſhall be rich, that's certain, but how I know not, nor care not, ſo I come in any likeneſs; my Fortune ſays, I muſt get a ſervice here in *Newcaſtle*, but ere I enter I muſt count the wealth I have now, and that's ſoon reckoned, one poor half-penny and a Lambs-skin, is all the wealth I have yfaith, and yet for all this my ſtate muſt ſtand the richeſt Subject in the Land; 'tis certain, my mind gives me it, and I am aſſur'd on't, yet I muſt put my ſelf in remembrance of my poverty, leſt I ſhould forget my ſelf when I am grown ſo rich, I will write a note on't ere I enter the Town, and hang it here upon ſome tree, to keep it in mind, as long as the Riyer of *Tine* runs under:

under it. Let me ſee, inſtead of paper this Tile-ſtone ſhall ſerve, and here's an Ink-horn I ſtole from my Hoſtis, a ſcurvy Quean, if I had not given her money for my Ale, ſhe would have chaulked me preſently, this ſhall ſerve the turn. Ile ſit down and write, ſweet *Hellicon* inſpire me with thy Caſtalian lucke.

Enter Goodgift, and Randolfe, and George, his Wife.

Good. Come, come diſpatch, the wind is North North Weſt, and blows fair on us; Where is *George* my Factor?

Fact. Here Sir,

Good. At the next ebb, good *George*, I and the ſhip ſall down to *Tinmouth*; are your books made even, the goods made fit, and all things fitting for the voyage.

Fact. All's done ſir, the Commodities priz'd and ſumm'd; their value at my back return from Sea, I hope to treble to you.

Good. Heaven deal in that, or gain, or loſs we muſt be ſtill contented, and therefore are we call'd Adventurers, becauſe we know 'tis hazzard.

Rand. 'Tis indeed ſir, and I do wonder at this gain of hazard youle ſet ſo great a ſtate, ſeeing the time joyns with the Sea in danger; the *Daniſh* Fleet watcheth to pill the *Engliſh* Venturers. Then be adviz'd.

Wife. Yet to avoid all dangers Husband, I'de have you do as here my Brother doth, venture your ſtate in your own Country, tho the gains be ſmaller, the ſafety's not ſo doubtful.

Good. I, I, Wife, thy Brother *Randolfe* here is known a famous Merchant for *Newcaſtle* Coals, and *England* holds the circuit of his traffick, but we that are Adventurers abroad, muſt fame our Country through all Chriſtendom, nay far beyond our Chriſtian Territories, to *Egypt*, *Barbary*, and the Tauny Moors, Where not indeed? if Sea and wind gives way unto our dancing Veſſels; nay, nay, Brother, your merchandize compar'd with us, I tell you, is but a poor freſh-water venture.

Rand. Well brother, well, purſue your Foraign gain, I reſt content at home, at the years end wee'l caſt the difference 'twixt your far-fetch'd treaſure, and our *Newcaſtle* home-bred Minerals, you ſhall perceive ſtrange transformation, black coals turn'd to white ſilver, that's my comfort ſir.

Good. And take it to you ſir, with much good I wiſh it. But ſtay, ſtay, who is that?

Rand. One that is very brain buſie it ſeems.

Good. Peace, peace, obſerve him prethee,

Thor.

Thorn. Here did *Thornton* enter in
With hope, a half penny, and a Lambs-skin,
It ſhall go yfaith. Ile never ſtrive to mend it; foot this Poetry, and a mans brains were not well laid in his head, woo'd make him mad, I think if there be any *Hellicon* in *England* 'tis here at *Newcaſtle*, I am inſpired with it, every Coal-pit has a relliſh on't, for who goes down but he comes out as black as Ink.

Good. Is not this fellow mad?

Rand. Good faith I doubt it.

Thorn. Well this writing will I ſet up here at the Towns end; that when I have got all theſe riches together, and ſit amongſt my comely Brethren, I then may ſtaulk the pace of wit, and worſhip, here to read this Manuſcript, then will I view my Ware-houſes, diſperſe my coyn, comfort the poor, I and perhaps build Churches.

Rand. Either he ſpeaks to himſelf, or hee's poſſeſt with ſome ſtrange talking ſpirit, that Dialogues within him.

Thorn. Then will I have ſome Fifty Bedeſ-men in my life time, for that's the firſt way to be prayed for here, and mourned for when I am gone, and on their Gowns their Culliſance ſhall be ſix millan Needles, and a ſilver Lambs-skin.

Good. Ha, ha, the more he ſpeaks, methinks 'tis more diſtracted. Lets queſtion him.

Wife, Is hee not, think you Husband, one of thoſe Players of Interludes that dwels at *Newcaſtle*, and conning of his Part, for ſurely theſe are other mens matters hee talks of? Doe you hear honeſt man, and Friend, let mee inſtruct you to bee wiſe and ſober. *Sings.*

Thorn. I come not hither for thee to teach,
I have no pulpit for to Preach,
I woo'd th'adſt kiſt me under the Breech,
As thou art a Lady gay.

Wife, Marry come up with a vengeance.

Good. La you wife, you ſee what 'tis to trouble a man in his Meditations, prethee let him alone, hee's not mad I warrant thee.

Thorn. With hope, a half-penny, and a Lambs-skin, I proteſt I never pleas'd my ſelf better. Let mee ſee, what day's this; O Monday! I ſhall love Mondays vein to poetize as long as I live; for this trick.

Good. Good ſpeed, Good fellow.

Thor. Ha, Whoſe that? O I thank you Gentlemen; If I have good

good ſpeed, Ile do good deeds the ſooner: Your ſufferance a little I beſeech you; Then will I build ſome famous Monument.

Rand. Thou build'ſt i'th' Ayr I think: Prethee, what Countryman art?

Thor. Faith Sir, a poor *Northumberland* man, and yet I tell yee Gentlemen, not altogether the poor Fellow, which you behold me; Fortune may change, If you ſeek what I ſhall be, 'Tis infinite, and cannot be ſumm'd together: But if you wo'd know my preſent ſtore; It is all ſumm'd on this Tyle-ſtone: I ſhall be very rich, that's certain; and this Town of *Newcaſtle* muſt be the raiſing of my fortune, if there I get ſervice, then are Wealth and Treaſure my ſervants.

Good. And ſuch a ſervant cannot want a Maſter. But Prethee tell me, Whence haſt thou theſe hopes?

Thorn. Pray Sir, read that, then tell me your opinion.

Good. Prethee let's ſee't. Go to *Newcaſtle* take thy Fate,
Yet ere thou enter, count thy State:
If ſervice in that place thou get,
Thy wealth will riſe to infinit;
And *Thorntons* name in *England* ſtand
The richeſt ſubject in the Land.--Excellent yfaith. And doſt thou beleeve all this?

Thorn. As ſure as you live Sir, and all the world cannot drive me from this opinion, but that I ſhall be a very rich man.

Good. I like thy confidence: How doſt deſire to have Imployment? Wilt thou go to Sea.

Thorn. Sea or Land, Fire or Ayr; Let *Newcaſtle* be my home, and ſome honeſt man my Maſter. This Halfpenny, and this Millan Needle, ſhall I multiply to a Million of Halfpence, and this innocent Lambſ-skin to a Magnificent Lordſhip.

Good. Stay there, I prethee, 'tis wealth enough for a ſubject, come, Ile give thee handſel, that's Entertainment, my name is *Goodgift* a Merchant of *Newcaſtle*, where thou deſireſt to ſerve, give me thy hand, If I do live to ſee thee this rich man, I ſhall be proud to ſay, I was thy Maſter.

Thorn. I am your ſervant Sir, and will be faithful.

Good. Obey me then at firſt, as Ile imploy thee: Thou ſhalt to Sea, I ſee thou wilt be thrifty: Come hither *George*, take him a Shipboard with thee, change his Apparrel ſtrait, and make him handſome; I begin ſo well to relliſh his Plainneſs that I am half perſwaded of his hopes. How ſay'ſt thou wife?

Wife.

Wife. Nay, Nay, He bad me kiss his Breech, Birlady, but that's no matter Husband, seeing I see his Fortunes are so hopeful, he shall have my liking : Come hither *Thornton*, since thy Master sends thee out to Sea, there's something for thee to begin thy stock with, and if thou double it, Ile ne're grudge yfaith, So thou'lt remember me, when th'art a rich man.

Good. Ha, Ha, -- she's confident already.

Rand. So shall I ne're be, till I see it Sir.

Good. Well, Well, Do as I bid thee *George*, under thy self, let him have charge of all.

George How will he put off these Commodities he has Sir ?

Thorn. Tush, Tush, Ile have an out-cry Fellow *George*, for so I take it Sir, your name is now.

George Why what's thy Lambs-skin good for ?

Thorn. Marry Muff Sir.

Wife. Thou say'st true indeed *Thornton*, and Ile purchase it of thee, for that purpose, Ile give thee a Groat for it to line my Muff withal.

Thorn. And you shall ha't Mistriss, It has been lain dead on my hands a great while, and now it shall be dead on yours, only this, Sweet Master, I must inteat you, that ere I enter the Town, I may hang up this writing here ; I doubt not Sir, but at my coming home, I shall be able to ha't cut in stone.

Good. Agreed, Agreed, an honest Motion. How now, Who's this comes here ? *Enter Grim.*

Wife. 'Tis *Grim* the Collyer, Isn't not brother ?

Rand. O yes sister, the main Over-seer of all my Coles, I warrant you, his heads more troubled too, then *Thorntons* was to count his hop'd-for wealth, and mark how wisely he proceeds about it.

Grim. Let me see now, first five hundred Chaldron of Coals at ten Groats a Chaldron, that is, in Coals, and mony ; ten Groats, and ten Groats, is twice ten Groats; Then take twice ten out of two times ten, and there remains four times ten : fivescore Chaldron at ten Groats a Coal, comes to five shillings, then take me thirty Coals out of thirty Chaldron, and put them together, and there's the whole Voyage, so thirty Chaldron of Goals, comes to five Chaldron of Angels.

Good. O rare ! He multiplies bravely.

Rand. I told you what a reck'ning he wo'd make on't.

Grim. Then to cast how many Fourpence halfpennies there are in a Chaldron of Angels ; Let me see, take half a Chaldron out of a whole

Chaldron, and there remains --- No, No, this is not the way; I must begin lower: A Chaldron of Angels, if you take nothing out, there remains something: This is the honest way for a servant when he casts up his Masters Reckonings, to take nothing out, and then the whole Stock remains untouched still.

Rand. I marry Sir, I like that well; Why, How now *Grim*, What art thou doing?

Grim. I cry you mercy Master, I am even doing my good will to make your Accounts right Sir: There's five hundred Chaldron of Coals leaving the River, and ship'd away: They'l be Sea-sick to morrow.

Rand. How many for *London* (*Grim*?)

Grim. Three hundred Chaldron, Sir.

Rand. And whither go the rest?

Grim. 'Twas purposed they sho'd ha gone to *Winchester*, but its thought since the *Danes* came thither, they have little need of Sea-coal, every place is so hot; they say a Taylor burnt his Goose, and yet no fire came neer him.

Rand. That's strange. Well *Grim*, bid them alter their course for *Winchester*, bid them put in at *Lyn*, and *Yarmouth*, and let *London* be the farthest of their journey until these Wars afford us better safety.

Grim. Alas Master, if you stow up your ships, you may ee'n hang up your Collyers, for they'l starve and dye if they come above ground once; you have sevenscore pits, and seven hundred lusty Collyers daily digging in them, and if they come above ground once --- What *Thornton* my old Acquaintance! How ist't, How ist't man?

Thorn. Never better yfaith.

Good. Dost thou know him?

Grim. Better then the Taylor that made his Doublet: Know *Thornton*, the famous Needle-maker of *Northumberland*? There's not a Beggar that carries a Patch about her, but knows him; All our Collyers buy Needles of him for the same purpose: Many a night has he lain in the Sellerage amongst: *Thornton*, How many Eggs have you roasted at our fire in the Coal-pits?

Thorn. Thou posest me now yfaith *Grim*, I have been infinitly beholding to thee, and when I am a rich man, here's my hand, Ile requite it.

Grim. I had rather thou would'st set a certain day to do't. Dost thou think to be rich by Pedlers Eggs, and Lambs-skins?

Thorn.

Thorn. But I have other Imployments now *Grim.*

Good. He is my ſervant Sir, and is already by my beſt liking voyaging to Sea.

Grim. Does he go a foot Sir?

Good. Sirra, Sirra, He's a Venturer too, and when you ſee his ſafe return again with wealth from Sea, you'l make legs to him.

Grim. How legs to him? I ſcorn him and his Lambſ-skins. No Sir, *Thornton* muſt remember I am Controler of the Cole-pits, and that many a night I have committed him to the Hole, and there he lay forty Fathom deep beneath me, where I co'd have buried him alive, if I had thought on't: Make legs to him?

Good. Come, Come Sir, Wee'l have you friends at parting; Go *George*, follow my directions, and let *Thornton* have that Imployment I preſcribed to you; Come Sir, you ſhall firſt erect your Character according to your mind at the Towns end, to keep a Record of your Entrance in.

Thorn. With hope, a Halfpenny, and a Lambſ-skin, that's all Sir.

Grim. Ha, Ha, a brave rich man I promiſe you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Erkinwald and Alured.

Erkin. Is thy name *Eldred*?

Alur. Yes, My good Lord.

Erkin. Thou art my priſoner ſtill, and we have power o're all, thy Life and Fortunes.

Alur. I ſtill confeſs it, Sir.

Erkin. 'Tis well, Canſt thou gueſs then, why my love extends it ſelf ſo lineally towards thee? Thou know'ſt that even from death I have advanced thee cloſe to my ſelf, and truſt thee with my ſecrets, and one above the reſt, requires thy aid, thy ſubtle and quick brain can better forge matter of fair diſcourſe than mine can be, The bright *Elgina* thou muſt court for me. In Peace and War ſhe has been ſtill my aym, for her the tedious night I do beguile, with ſerious thoughts of her divinity, and watching till the midnight Chimes be paſt, have wak'd again before the Village Cock had call'd the Plowman to his early labor.

Go plead my love, yet ere thou go, here ſwear
(Yet I with love will win thee, not with fear)
Never to injure me in this diſguiſe, Nor with *Icarian* wing to ſoar too high.

Alur. I were a villain to betray your truſt, being ſo meritleſs of your great favours, and therefore vow by all that man may ſwear by, Ile

be as true to you in this imployment, as truth is to the juſt.

Erk. Thou haſt ſaid enough, I leave it to thy truſt--- Go, return and make me happy, there's gold, ſpend freely. *Exit.*

Alu. Fortune I ſee thou now art blind, and fooliſh, and without aim direct'ſt thy giddy ſhafts, theſe gifts thou giveſt to me, which I deſpiſe, what phyſick helps a man juſt as he dies? 'Tis *Englands* peace that I would live to Court, but ſhe is fled, and I a captive Prince, ſlave to my mortal foes, till time releaſe me, that once I may regreet my *Engliſh* friends, which long ere this, I know have wiſh'd my preſence, to joyn our forces for our Countryes freedom. *Enter Elgina.*

But here ſhe comes whom I muſt plead for love; my faith is paſt, and were ſhe beauties Queen, and half the world her dowre, I wo'd not wrong
The truſt I have receiv'd, Ile court her for him,
And plead my Maſters love, though ſhe abhor him.

Elg. Who's there, *Eldred*?

Alu. Your pardon beauteous Princeſs, I muſt wooe you.

Elg. But ile prevent you ſir, for ile wooe you.

Alu. For noble *Erkinwald* my warlike Maſter. All love from him.

Elg. Is nothing like to thee,
That conquer'ſt love, and *Cupids* Deity.

Alu. You do amaze me Lady.

Elg. Be not affraid,
But tell me boldly, could you love a Maid
That for thy ſake wo'd be a preſident, and teach all women a new way to win the often wiſh'd deſires of ſtubborn men? In me you ſhall obſerve patience and duty, tender care, and fear; by thy bright eyes, Ile teach the conſtant Turtle truer love, and make the Nuns at *Veſta's* Altar ſwear
The Virgin ſtate is not ſo ſtrict to move
As the obſequious life you lead in love.
And cannot you yet ſay, you mean to love me.

Alu. Beſhrew me Madam but you tempt me ſhrewdly, pray give me leave to think upon't---. Ha! my vow's not broke yet; for I wooe not her, that was my oath ſure, and I think there's no man that can withſtand the wooing of a woman. Fond fool, how quickly youth and blood transform?

Elg. Come, What's your anſwer?

Alu. Deareſt Lady, There is but one thing in the world that hates me; and you have brought it with you.

Elg. O me! what ſho'd it be?

Alu.

Aln. Forgive my rashness, 'tis a thing within you, not you, that charms me from you.

Elg. Be it my heart, ile pull it out, so thou wilt love me.

Aln. O gracious Princess, 'tis your Royal blood, so near allied unto the great *Canutus*
Keeps me at distance, were our states made even
My love sho'd be as strong as zeal to Heaven.
Therefore Imperial Maid---

Elg. No more, if that be all, we will dispence with greatness, use me like one that loves you, Ile Invent a plot that shall in short secure us both; I crave but this, that thou be true of faith: For by my life I love thee.

Aln. And (gracious Princess) since now I see your passions are unfeign'd, I vow not onely to requite your love, but with affected and sincere intents to crown your wishes, though it work my ruin.

Elg. Our faiths and hearts are one then, *Cupids* wings,
Can crown mean births, with joy, make slaves of Kings
Knew *Erkinwald* my heart, hee'd change with thee,
And be thy slave to have command ore me.

Lend me thine ear in private.

Enter Erkinwald.

Erk. At it so close? Ile hear their conference, win her, and gain thy Freedom, Love and Honor. Ha! That kiss (bold slave) past thy Commission; Death and the Devil, she kisseth him too. O fond *Erkinwald* be blind and do not see them; thy office was to speak, but not for thy self.

Aln. Natures Divinity is in thy looks, and he an Atheist sees thee, and not loves. Should *Erkinwald* now see it, I wo'd love thee, tho for each kiss I had a several torture, ten deaths for thy injoying were my Bliss.

Elg. So high I prize thee, by this Virgins kiss.

Erk. Yet you make shift to reach him with your lips; Degenerate Princess, I suspect thy birth: Yet well mayst thou be Sister to thy Brother, For Great *Canutus* blood runs low as thine, and Love-sick doateth on an *English* Nun.

Aln. Then you resolve to fly?

Elg. Heaven knows I do.

Erk. Here's one will stop your Journey. Thunder part ye, slave.

Elg. Ha, O me unfortunate!

Aln. Tush, fear not Madam. See here I stand my Lord.

Erk. A perjur'd Villain.

Aln. That tongue lies that ſpeaks it--- Hear me, I courted for thee with my beſt of ſpeech, and ſhew'd my faith as firm as Adamant, till fate that rules all love, ore-rul'd her ſo, that ſhe became a Suiter for my love,
And on my worthleſs ſelf her ſmiles hath thrown;
My tongue was yours, but my conſent mine owr.

Erk. Ile have that heart ſhe loves--- hold eyes from weeping.

Elg. But I ſhall hate that heart if in thy keeping.
Sheath up thy ſword, and hear me *Elkinwald*, what ſhall I give thee to renounce my love?

Erk. As much as thou would'ſt give t'attain Elizium ſho'd not avert my love from theſe fair eyes, *Joves* thunder, or eternal miſeries ſhall never ſo transform me.

Elg. Yet I cannot love thee.

Erk. But ile remove the cauſe of that. Villain, thou haſt ſeen our ſlaves dye, when their Lords have laugh'd, Come, run on my weapon, this is Princely favor,
For greater tortures do attend on thee,
But wee'l be merciful in Tyranny.

Elg. See, on the Earth, thy Sovereigns Sifter kneels, to beg thy pitty.

Erk. There's nothing but thy love can purchaſe it.

Elg. Yet have mercy, the fault in love was thine, thou didſt betray me when thou let'ſt me ſee him; and Villain thou, if thou but touch his life, the Great *Cannutus* ſhall revenge my wrongs,
For after him *Elgina* will not live;
Bethink thee then, O yet ſome pitty give!

Aln. Do not debaſe your ſelf, for my poor life,
I dare his worſt, my love is conſtant ſtill,
More reſolute to die, than thou to kill.

Erk. Tis worthy praiſe, then ſee, behold thy death.

Aln. With open eyes, as I wo'd view her ſtate,
And like a man thus I purſue my fate.

(*They fight, Elgina goes between, Erkinwald kils her.*)

Elg. Hold, hold. O I am ſlain, farewell dear friend, the loſs of thee is Tyranny in death
And death a dream, ſo thou but cloſe mine eies.
Chaſte love is born in Heaven, and never dies.

Erk. Amazement to my ſoul, O my *Elgina*! O I am moſt accurſt! 'twas this hand ſtruck thee.

Aln.

Alu. For which Ile be revenged; thou Heaven is juſt. *Kills him.*

Erk. Baſe Villain thou haſt ſlain me.

Alu. 'Tis thy fate. Farewel.
Oh pure, unſpotted Maid, unhappy Princeſs,
This hand ſhall keep thy will and cloſe thine eyes,
Let thy ſoul joy, for here thy Murderer lies
Dead at my foot, and I with thee could die,
Were my poor Country free from miſery.
War calls me to the field. O my *Elgina*, Autume is on thy cheeks, the
Roſe is withered, and thou look'ſt like the Alablaſter ſtatue,
Upon thy lips I print this parting kiſs,
And flying from thee, leave all earthly bliſs. *Exit.*

Enter Harrold, Oſrick, and Captains.

Har. *Oſrick*, we hear the Duke of *Thetford* raiſeth men in *Norfolk*.

Oſr. All *England* ſure, I think will mutiny, if thus the King neglect his hopeful Conqueſt, by doating on a womans luſtful Beauty.

Har. Never was man in love bewitcht like him, he will not ſuffer ſpeech or any counſel that may diſ-ſwade from her; he bars his ſight from any but the Nun, and his looſe Panders. Ha! what ſight is this? Duke *Erkinwald* and the Princeſs murdered, this ſight wo'd ſad even Tyranny it ſelf, draw teares from Tygers, and make wonder dumb.
Oh Great *Canutus* what portents are theſe
This heavy curſe lights on thy luſt and eaſe.
Thy ſiſter, and thy beſt of friends are ſlain,
And ſafety now is frighted from thy Throne.
Convey this ſpectacle of grief aſide, and let a guard purſue the murderer.
Ile hie me to the King, and there relate
Their deaths, his luſt, both guided by ſtrong fate. *Exeunt.*

Banquet. Enter K. Canutus.

Can. She is an Angel in the ſhape of woman, chaſter than *Dian*, colder than *Freezland* ſnow, and yet ſhe burns me; if I miſs her now, my death muſt be the period of my love; Go, let thoſe Jewels, Cates, perfumes and Muſick, be all produc'd together in one ſenſe.
Unite all raptures, let's have nothing ſcant,
That ſhe may taſte at once, what all Queens want. *Muſick.*
Strike heavenly Muſick, with a tuneful meaſure,
And with thy raptures ſwell her blood and pleaſure.

Enter Carteſmunda and Oſrick.

The ſtar appears, welcome dear ſoul, to make our joyes more full, &c.

to

to this Banquet, Great Queen of my heart, and fully joy thy ſenſes in each part.

Cart. My ſenſes are intranc'd, or do I dream;
O let me back return to hide my ſhame.

Can. O ſtay divineſt ſoul, hear me but ſpeak.

Cart. O I have loſt my ſence with theſe Inchantments; I am I know not how, for all my powers are uſeleſs, but mine eyes to weep.

Can. Make not the earth proud to receive thy tears, leſt being ſubject unto me her King, I force her to reſtore again thoſe pearls, more rich than all the Jewels of our Crown; ſo high I prize thy tears, yet thee above all.

Cart. I am your Servant, Priſoner, Vaſſal, worſe.

Can. Thine eyes upon my freedom laid that curſe.
If thou bee'ſt mine, I do command thy love;
Where Kings of Subjects beg, let pitty move.

Cart. How can ſo great a King, be weakneſs ſlave?

Can. In doating of thoſe joyes I near ſhall have.

Cart. Men that luſt women once, no more indure 'em,
In health they loathe the phyſick that did cure 'em.

Can. When I neglect thy love, or touch thy life, may all my Battels prove unfortunate, and I loſe all the conquering *Danes* have got, and end my days with ſhame and inward grief.

Cart. Your words be regiſtred, with hands divine,
O keep your vow (great Prince) for I break mine.
I bluſh to ſay, I yeeld, I'm wholly yours, a ſpotleſs Virgin now is in your power, and as you mildly courted, ſo this kiſs confirms mee to you.

Can. And my ſoul to thee.
Never did man meet more felicitie.
Run Vaſſals run, prepare all ſweet delight
For *Carteſmunda* ſleeps with me to night. *Enter Harold.*
England ſhall ſleep in peace, for all my force
On *Carteſmunda's* love ſhall now be ſpent,
Thy Arms ſhall be my Arms, thy Bed my Tent.

Har. Defend me Heaven, how is this King transform'd? my news is not ſo ſad, as is this ſight.

Can. Whoſe there? *Harold*? what news?

Har. The *Engliſh* Princes (mighty Sovereign) ſeeing your Highneſs thus forſake the field, threaten freſh war, and *England* will be loſt.

Can.

Can. But *Carteſmunda* won, In thee we have all good that *England* holds,
All Conqueſt in theſe Arms *Canutus* folds.
Haſt more to ſay?

Har. Yes, but with grief (my Lord) The fair *Elgina*, your beauteous ſiſter, and that only one that made her Sex admir'd, is ſlain, great King.

Canut. Give me this Bracelet, I have begg'd it long.

Har. And noble *Erkinwald* lyes murd'red too.

Can. Why now th'art my pretty one, Come, kiſs thy *Canutus*.

Har. Had you (my Lord) as I, beheld that ſight, the Tyranny of death had ſure amaz'd you.

Can. What does he talk on?

Car. Do you not mark, my Lord; he ſayes, Your Siſter's dead.

Can. Let her be buried then: Remove out of mine eye, thou fright'ſt my love. Some Muſick there: Come *Carteſmunda* kiſs me: Go bid our Souldiers hang their Arms up; Fold up our Enſigns, and unbrace our Drums, *England* is conquer'd, all our Wars are done, and all in this, that *Carteſmunda's* won.-- *Exeunt. Manet Har.*

Har. O ſtrange Inchantment, the ſad news I brought, Though now regardleſs, whilom would have made his eyes ſtart from their orbs to hear of it: O fair *Elgina*! happy now th'art dead, and doſt not live to ſee thy brothers folly. This is not now *Canutus*, nor his Palace, but rather ſeems a *Roman* Theatre, and this young *Nero* acting Comedies, with ſome light Strumpet in bold ſcenes of Luſt; This change with wonder I behold, and ſee
That love is powerful o're inferior things,
When thus to baſeneſs it transforms great Kings. *Exit.*

Act. III.

Enter Grim and Colliers with Baskets and Sacks.

Grim. Come Bullies, fetch more Coals, and aboard with'em luſtily, ſhew your ſelves *Newcaſtle-men*, not proud, but honeſt and humble, and ſuch as do not ſcorn to carry Coals.

1 *Col.* I warrant you Mr. *Grim*, We'l ſend'em going, *Newcaſtle* Coals are Hereticks, and muſt be burnt at *London*. *Exeunt Colliers.*

Grim. You ſay well, We'l put'em to water firſt, and then let'em put fire in their Tayls afterward. *Enter Randolph.*

Rand. Well ſaid *Grim*, I ſee thou art not idle.

Grim. No Maſter, I am Bayly of your Cole-pits, and your Worſhips Benefactor: I will do what lies in a true ſervant; Seven hundred bro-

Indians, or *Newcaſtle* Collyers, your Worſhip keeps daily to dive for Treaſure five hundred fathom deep for you, and as they bring it up, Ile ſend it out to your profit, Sir.

Rand. 'Tis well done *Grim*, thy gains will one day be a Gentleman.

Grim. A Gentleman? Nay I hope one day to purchaſe a Lordſhip, and all my Collyers under me ſhall be Ladies, for Ile maintain'em with black Masks on their faces already; but do you hear Maſter? I hear there is ſome diſadvantage towards us, and it behoves us to look to't, they ſay there are a new ſort of Colliers crept up neer *London*, at a place call'd *Croydon*, that have found out a way by ſcorching of wood to make Charcoals, and 'tis to be fear'd this may hinder our Traffick Maſter.

Rand. How? To make Coals of wood, art ſure 'tis ſo?

Grim. Moſt certain Sir, but never fear it Maſter, *Newcaſtle* Coals ſhall conquer *Croydon*, we can give a Chaldron of Sea-coals for a ſack of Char-coals.

Rand. Thou ſay'ſt well *Grim*; but I hear my brothers ſhip's return'd with large Advantage, I mean to ſee him, mean time inſiſt upon thy care, good *Grim*.

Grim. O ſweet Maſter, Let me go with you, I'd fain ſee how *Thornton* our Needle-merchant has ſped, I doubt me, his Lamb-ſkin is turn'd to three Sheep-ſkins the wrong ſide outward.

Rand. Come, Let's go; but ſee they come to us.

Enter Goodgift, his Wife, Thornton and George.

Good. Now brother *Randolph* how is't with you Sir?

Rand. Glad by the happy tydings of your News Sir; Fame has out-ſtrip'd the wind that brought your ſhips, and tells us of a rich and proſperous Voyage: Ile talk with your Factor, Sir, and know your Purchaſe.

Good. Do, Do, Mean time Ile talk with *Thornton* here my honeſt Merchant of Millan Needles; How haſt thou ſped in thy Voyage, how didſt thou brook the Sea?

Grim. I think he was glad to pump over-board; How ſay you *Thornton*?

Thorn. Tuſh, Tuſh, Thou art a Freſh-water Fellow (*Grim.*)

Grim. A Freſh-water Fellow? O diſgrace to a Collier! If ever I kill a Whale hand to hand, it ſhall be thee.

Good. Nay, good *Grim*.

Grim. Mr. *Goodgift*, I pray pardon me: Shall *Grim* the Collyer that

that has been thus long Controler of the Cole-pits, chief Sergeant of the Selleridge, nay the very Demigorgan of the Dungeon, be call'd a Freſh-water Fellow?

Good. Quiemeſs, I ſay, Wee'l have no quarrelling.

Grim. I beſeech you Sir, Let's both be let down into a Cole-pit five Fathom deep, and he that kills the other, ſhall be ſtifled with a Damp, and ſo you ſhall never be troubled to hang nor bury us.

Good. Go to, I ſay, Ile have yee friends again: Come, ſhake hands.

Grim. Never, unleſs I may call him, Porpoiſe, now at ſingle hand, Sir.

Good. I, I, Thou ſhalt.

Grim. Thou? go thy wayes, thou art a Porpoiſe, and now I am friends with thee.

Good. So, So, 'Tis well, and now as I was ſaying, *Thornton*, What Voyage haſt thou made to benefit thy hopes, your Halfpenny, and your Lambſ-skin? My Factor tells me here thou haſt been careful and diligent, but to the wealth and greatneſs you expect, I yet hear nothing.

Wife. I marry Husband that's the news I look for; Sir, Come tell us *Thornton*, How have you beſtowed the mony that I gave you?

Thorn. Faith Miſtriſs, as the reſt, my full ſtock to Sea, you, and my good friends gave, was five ſhillings, and putting in at *Preſton* for freſh water, I turn'd it there into ſix Tun of Iron, one of which Tuns I have already ſold unto an Anchor-Smith here in *Newcaſtle* for four pound; the reſt, if I put off ſo well, will multiply my ſtock moſt richly, Miſtriſs.

Good. 'Tis well, but far from hope of wealth and Lordſhips *Thornton*.

Rand. Yet that re-multiplied again, good brother, may help his Halfpenny and his Lambſ-skin ſomewhat.

Good. Well, well *Thornton*, th'art welcome home however; So art thou *George*; Go ſee the ſhip unladed, wee'l go before, and view the Ware-houſes.

Fac. I ſhall Sir.

Good. Come brother, will you go?

Rand. Yes, Sir; You'l quarrel no more, if we leave you together now?

Grim. No Sir, I mean to borrow ſome mony of him now.

Rand. That's not his way to thrive; Look to him *Thornton.*

Exeunt. Manent Thorn. Grim.

Grim. I warrant you Maſter, wee'l agree well enough; Ah Sirra, Mr. *Thornton*, you have got ſix Tun of Iron already, you muſt take heed now that you fall not into ſome crafty Ironmongers hand to deceive you of your whole ſtock; Look too't, they are hard dealers that deal in Iron; if you be gull'd, remember what *Martin* ſaid to his man, Whoſe the Fool now?

Thorn. Tuſh *Grim*, Look there man, my whole ſtock lies not in Iron; a little ſtock I borrowed of my fellow *George* at Sea, and with it, I have purchaſed theſe Pearles.

Grim. Pearles? Prethee tell me true: Are they Pearls yfaith?

Thorn. Pearles? I, and precious ones too, I hope.

Grim. Ha, ha, good Oyſter Pearl, worth twelvepence a pound, I think.

Thorn. No matter man, I cannot loſe by them howſoever; they coſt me little; I have ſent for a Goldſmith a purpoſe to know the certainty.

Enter A Smith.

Grim. That's well, and in the mean time, here comes your firſt Chapman: How now good man Iron-fiſt, Why do you puff and blow ſo?

Smith. O Mr. *Thornton*, I'm ee'n out of breath with ſeeking you, unleſs you ſtand my friend, I ſhall be undone for ever.

Thorn. Why, what's the matter man?

Sm. Your Iron, Sir, your Iron, that I bought of you, is not the mettal I took it for, 'twill do me no good Sir, there will not a nayl be hammered out of it, when I heat it, it melts, and when 'tis cold agen, it bends like lead, and if it lye on my hand, I am undone for ever; I beſeech you, Sir, take it agen, though I loſe ten ſhillings ith' price I paid for't.

Thorn. Nay, I muſt not riſe by hurt of any man; Ile take't agen, and thou ſhalt loſe no penny. I prethee let me ſee't, Is this a part on't.

Sm. I, for here's the end of one of the Bars, the pooreſt peece of Iron I e're hammered on.

Thor. Well, leave this with me, and bear the reſt home to my Maſters Ware-houſe, thou ſhalt ſuſtain no loſs, thou ſhalt have thy mony.

Sm. I thank you Sir, Ile bear it back agen, and my wife that yet curſeth you moſt terribly, ſhall pray for you moſt horribly.

Thorn. This is ſtrange, my great Venture turn'd to nothing now?

Grim.

Grim. Faith Mr. *Thornton*, and your pearls prove no better than your Iron, you were beſt turn Merchant of Lambs-skins again.

Enter Goldſmith.

Thorn. Well I know the worſt on't *Grim*, ſee here comes the *Goldſmith* that I ſent for; if my Pearls prove as bad as my Iron, I am quite begger'd yfaith.

Gold. Now Mr. *Thornton* what's your buſineſs with me?

Thor. Your advice in theſe few pearls ſir, and I would know the value of them.

Goldſ. They are fair and round, are they your own ſir?

Thorn. Ile anſwer the ſail of them.

Gold. And have you any more of 'em ſir?

Thor. Some thirty more, and far more orient than theſe are too.

Goldſ. Ile give you twenty pound for theſe two at a venture ſir.

Grim. You ſhall have Pearl my dog at that price ſir.

Gold. What ſay you Mr. *Thornton*?

Thorn. Twenty pound ſay y' ? there's ſome hope then towards my half-penny, I ſee. Come ſir, Ile make a raſh bargain, you are my firſt Chapman, and ſhall have firſt refuſal, both in the price of theſe and all the reſt; and ſince you give me this good comfort, ſir, pray let me trouble you a little further, you have good skill in Metals ſir, pray look on this; what metal ſhould this be?

Goldſ. Let me ſee it ſir, Ile tell you preſently.

He touches it with a Touchſtone.

Grim. A beaſtly peece of Iron 'tis, it came new from the Forge, old Iron-fiſt the Smith has been hammering, but he can do no good on't.

Thor. What think you ſir?

Goldſ. Ha! fore Heaven, it touches fair, have you any ſtore of this metal ſir?

Thorn. Yes ſir, ſix Tun I aſſure you, I brought it for good Iron, but my ſmal skill has deceiv'd me.

Goldſ. You were well deceived ſir, for if the reſt
Of your ſix Tun with this in trial ſtand
You 're now the richeſt Subject in the Land.

Thor. Ha! Gold? Delude me not I beſeech you ſir, let me beleeve you plainly. Y'have toucht this peece, and this, Ile give you to make good your word.

Goldſ. Upon my life I will, 'tis perfect gold, and for this Wedge I will refine it all to its pure luſtre, and your infinite profit.

Thorn. I make that bargain with you, this peece is yours, and ſince you give theſe hopes, I pray conceal it, and meet me at the Ware-houſe, there Ile ſhew you the full ſix Tun I ſpake of, and confer.

Goldſ. I will attend you ſir, and tell you thus,
Your Fortunes all are rich and wonderous. *Exit.*

Thor. I have a thankful heart to heaven for't, that's my comfort: Why how now fellow *Grim*, how ſtand'ſt thou man?

Grim. Six Tun of Gold? O that I durſt but imbrace you Mr. *Thornton*!

Thorn. Tuſh man, I prethee do; Ile ne're foget my ſelf nor thee, I am honeſt *Thornton*, and thou honeſt *Grim*.

Grim. Poor *Grim* the Collier ſir, but Ile never be your worſhips equal, you ſhall be tryumphant Mr. *Thornton*, and I poor *Grim*, your honeſt friend, and quondam fellow.

Thorn. Come, come, no more of this, help me to caſt my venture honeſt *Grim*: Six tun of gold?

Grim. Moſt right ſir.

Thor. Three pound an ounce, is threeſcore pounds a pound.

Grim. And that's horrible uſury for your worſhip.

Thor. Nay, nay, no worſhip good *Grim*, this is Heavens bleſſing thrown on a poor mans head.

Grim. Wo'd I were thrown into a Coal-pit with ſuch a bleſſing on my back.

Thor. Nay prethee let's reckon further, three pound an ounce, and threeſcore a pound, is full ſixteen thouſand pound a Tun, and doubling that to ſix times ſix, comes near to forty hundred thouſand pounds, almoſt four millions.

Grim. O Lord ſir! is not that better than twenty mill an Needles that your Lordſhip had wont to ſell amongſt the Colliers, and when you came to *Newcaſtle*, as your writing ſays, Here did *Thornton* enter in, with hope, a half-penny, and a Lambs-skin.

Thor. True, true, good *Grim*, and I ſhall ne'r forget it.

Grim. O that my mother had lapp'd me in a Lambs-skin the firſt hour of my begetting, for now I ſee there is no luck to a Lambs-skin, ſix Tun of gold at one purchaſe, and beſides all this your Highneſs does forget the pearls too.

Thor. Nay, nay, no Titles *Grim*, 'tis all heavens bleſſing ſtill.

Grim. Tis true ſir, and I think your Majeſty's the richeſt man---

Thor. Away, away, thou'lt ſpeak Treaſon anon *Grim*. The wealth I have I ſee is infinite, and be thou ſecret and conceal a while, and Ile re-

ward

ward thee with large recompence. *Enter Smith.*

Grim. I am your Vaſſal ſir, and will be obedient to your Excellence in all things. But ſee the fooliſh Smith is return'd to ſee you.

Thor. Prethee be ſilent. How now honeſt Smith, haſt thou ſent home the iron?

Smith. O yes ſir, I thank Heaven I have rid my hands of it, you have made me a man Mr. *Thornton*, my houſe is quiet, my wife ſilent, I have carried home your leaden iron, return me my ſilver back agen, and my wife and I ſhall pray for you when you are dead and rotten.

Thor. Well ſir, withall my heart. I received four pound; Look you ſir, there 'tis, all your full ſum to a penny.

Smith. Sweet Mr. *Thornton*, ſhall I not give you four pots for all this kindneſs? pray ſir, 'tis fit I ſhould loſe ſomething.

Thor. No, no, I'm ſatisfied.

Grim. Do you hear ancient Iron-fiſt, the old Smith of *Newcaſtle*, I can tell you one thing, if the Almanack or Erra-pater be true, youle hang your ſelf ere to morrow morning.

Smith. How, hang my ſelf!

Thor. Nay, prethee *Grim*, thou wilt diſcover all anon.

Grim. No I warrant you ſir, I do it but to work a little profit. Do you hear Smith, what ſhall I give you for the aſhes and rubbiſh that came off of that old Iron that you refuſed now?

Smith. How? the aſhes? marry I mean to ſweep 'em out of my ſhop when I come home yfaith, for fear they infect the reſt. What wilt thou do with 'em?

Grim. That's all one, Let me have all the aſhes and the peeces you broke off that Bar you brought to Mr. *Thornton*, and Ile give thee five ſhillings.

Smith. Five ſhillings? Ile not be ſaid to gull you Mr. *Grim*, but an youle give me a groat ready money, th'are yours.

Grim. A bargain: There's your groat.

Smith. The aſhes, and all the peeces of iron are yours ſir.

Grim. Bear witneſs Mr. *Thornton*, come, Ile go fetch 'em preſently, y'ad beſt make haſte, your diſmal day's to morrow, you know what I told you, and unleſs you rid your ſelf of 'em quickly, you will hang your ſelf, that's certain, *Exeunt. Manet Thornton.*

Thorn. Ha! Have my hopes ore-tane me? think on't *Thornton*, and thank Heaven for't; here at *Newcaſtle* firſt
In low eſtate, did *Thornton* enter in,
With hope, a half-penny, and a Lambs-skin,
And now my large Accounts, of wealth ſcarce told,

I keep possession of six Tun of gold.
The blessings strange, and I must now resolve
To tie my vows to my auspicious fate,
Least the world curse, and Heaven call me ingrate;
To make of this my gold a household God,
Were meer Idolatry, no't shall fly abroad:
Newcastle, to thy good, large sums of love
My promise oweth, which ile pay, and prove,
To grace thy fame, Ile beautifie thy ground,
And build a wall that shall imbrace thee round. *Exit.*

Musick. Enter Carteſmunda, and discovereth Canutus asleep; Attendants, Ofrick.

Car. That Musick is too loud, tread softly sirs; How sweetly in his sleep *Canutus* looks? Ile not envy thee *Juno*, keep thy *Jove*, here lies the soul of *Carteſmunda's* love. Now by this kiss *Canutus* I do love thee, thou needst not dream it, fie, fie, sluggard fie, beshrew the God of dreams, what, did he fright thee? Or art thou fighting of some battel now, wherein thou seest me taken prisoner, and startst with fear of that? There's nothing else that could affright thee, though it came like thunder, for thou wert made for Armes, and for these Arms; and yet thy sword *Canutus* did not win me. I saw these eies, when I refus'd to love thee, begin to lose their splendor, and in tears drown their neglected brightness. I have seen this face half dead when I have frown'd upon't, and with my smiles life has return'd again; go, go, you wanton, by this kiss Ile beat you.

Can. How now Sweet-heart?

Car. Art thou awake my Love? then I am well.

Can. Well *Carteſmunda*, sleep, and I will watch as careful as the tender Pellican stands by her tender young; give me a kiss potent as *Bacchus* to raise appetite, and le's go sleep together, if I get a Boy upon thy youth, he shall be King, and half the world shall be his Dower.

Knocks within.

Whose that knocks so rudely for his death? hath not the slave describ'd the noyse? *Enter Hofman.*

Hof. Ofr. It is Duke *Harold*, sir, intreats access.

Can. He does not chuse his time well. Let him in. *Enter Harold.*

Ofr. The King is angry sir.

Har. Angry, sayst thou? holy Saints defend us, 'has foes enough to vent his spleen upon, and not to shrowd himself thus from his friends. Most mighty Prince.

Can. Rise *Harold*, we co'd chide you; But go on.

Har

Har. Pardon (my ſpeech my Lord) it is my duty, and I muſt needs make bold to tell your Highneſs, y're no Souldier but a Love-ſick Prince; And while you dally out your daies in love, the *Engliſh* all are raiſing head againſt you, the Garriſons that kept *Northumberland* are chas'd as far as *York*, two thouſand *Danes*, died in that bloody ſlaughter. And now again thoſe warlike Princes all their Forces joyn, and ſeek you forth.

Can. Fetch me ſome wine, wee'l drink to all their deaths that dare diſturb us; *Carteſmunda*, thou ſhalt ſweetly pledge me, come faſter ſlave. *Dance.*

Thus in this wine wee'l waſh away all care,
My pleaſures and my conqueſt all are here.
Come pledge me ſweet.

Har. The Duke of *Thetfords* Forces raiſed in *Norfolk*, have quite expuls'd the *Danes*, the *Engliſh* Nobles bound to your State by conqueſt and by oath, forſake Allegiance, and with ſound of Drums proclaim Prince *Alured* the *Engliſh* King.

Can. Ho, ha, ha. *Cart.* Why laughs my Love?

Can. To ſee thee pledge me ſuch a hearty draught.

Har. You ſee my Lord hee's careleſs, and neither minds us nor his perſons ſafety.

Oſr. Moſt Royal Sir, what order for your forces?

Can. Let's have ſome muſick ſtrait; Come *Carteſmunda* wee'l dance out half this day, and that being done, we will retire our ſelves and ſleep agen. Why, when yee ſlaves? do your ſouls ſleep within you? here's good muſick. *Dance.*

Har. So was the warlike Drum and Trumpet once, great *Hardiknute* the glory of the *Danes*. Thy Son plays now the King.

Enter a Captain

Capt. Hail mighty King.

Can. Thunder to thee; Foot can we not be private?

Capt. Alas my Leige my news is of importance.

Can. So is my pleaſure ſlave, avoid our preſence, thou and the reſt that come to fill our ears with tumults and with bloody Maſſacres, fright-ing my heavenly Love, for whoſe ſweet ſake let men fall thicker than the cheeker'd leaves, the ſtern winds rend and raviſh from the trees, when yellow Autumn turns them into gold. *Flouriſh.*

Be gone, come *Carteſmunda* let's retire,
We will not ſtir were all the world on fire. *Ex.*

Osr. Is this the end of all our former conquests? to be re-conquer'd now with wine and women?

Har. I, this is she that bears so high a stroak, we dare not shake our heads for fear we loose 'em; if she but dreams a dream that not delights her, next morning there are some are sure to bleed for't, whose lot so ere it be.

Osr. Wo'd it were mine, my Lords, so she co'd dream, and it would come to pass, the Devil might fetch her.

Har. This twelve month sir, he has not touch'd his Armor, nor been ith' field to chear his Souldiers.

Osr. We now must make as great a suit to see him, as if we beg'd for Tipes of dignity.

Cap. No more, I see your griefs and all our ruins, if we keep silent thus. Ile speak to him, and venture life for such a general good, if my plots fail, my tongue shall boldly speak
To touch his baseness, though I lose my head,
Ile die, or win him from this strumpets bed.
Fear not to second me.

Har. Not I, were death assur'd, Ile first begin,
A Souldiers best fight is to beat down sin.

Enter Canutus and a Guard.

Can. Double my Guards about her, I will prove
There's no happiness on earth but love.

Cap. Most mighty Prince.

Can. Audacious Traytor, wherefore com'st thou to us, did we not charge thee to avoid the presence.

Cap. Your Father (Royal Sir) knew me a Souldier, and I have fought for you, yet if you please, so I may speak, make me your humble Martyr.

Can. Slave what wouldst thou say?

Cap. That which my life shall prove
Y'ave lost your conquest in a womans love.
Could you unty the vail *Cupid* has bound about your eyes and forehead, you wo'd find she were not all so fair as you esteem her, Nature was never so impartial to give to one to rob a million, arm but your self and lead your Souldiers forth to win another City, you shall find her beauty far out-strip'd, sacred Leige, if like a young man you take counsel ill,
Destroy me quickly, it shall be my fame
I di'd to win you from a Strumpets shame.

Can.

Can. Thou'ſt ſpoke enough to damn thee, Impudent Traytor, go dye unpitied; Though thou haſt my hate, thou ſhalt not have the honor of my ſword to take away thy life, you of our Guard; See a baſe death performed upon this Slave.

Capt. Farewel my Leige you once muſt have a grave.

Exit with Guard.

Har. My Reſolution's firm, and I will ſpeak, though hell ſhu'd gape to ſwallow me alive; What's he that's gon to death my Sovereign?

Can. A Traytor (*Harold*) to my beſt content.

Har. O pardon ſir, your rage has loſt a man of more true worth then all this Nation; He was not of that ſtrain of Counſellors, that like a tuft of Ruſhes in a Brook, bends every way the current runs it ſelf, yeelding to every puff of Appetite that comes from Majeſty, but with true zeal he faithfully declared the grief of all: Pardon me (great *Canutus*) I muſt ſpeak, and let thy ſubject on his knee intreat, the Kingly Lion yet to rouze his ſtrength,
And chaſe thoſe *Engliſh* that do only wound,
Becauſe our Reſcuer will not be found.

Can. Fond man, how dar'ſt thou check our Appetite: Haſt thou forgot, our frown can ſtrike thee dead.

Har. I know't, and willingly lay down my head;
For 'tis more honor by thy wrath to dye,
Then living to behold thy miſery,
Which ſure is coming on.

Can. Let it make haſte. Wee'l beat it back with our triumphant Hoaſt.

Har. You cannot, till you beat that wanton hence; She has bewitch'd your ſenſes (mighty Lord)
Her Treſſes, like to Adamantine Chains,
Have let all heat but luſt out of you veyns;
When ſhe is gone, your valor you'l aſſume,
But while ſhe ſtayes, ſhe doth your ſtate conſume.

Can. No more: Go bid the Captains meet me in the Hall; Tell'em to morrow early wee'l come down;
And in ſtrange kind to all your eyes wee'l ſhew
We can command our ſelf as well as you. Away.

Har. Ile do your will, and hope for good event. *Exit.*

Can. There is no hell on earth but diſcontent.

I feel my blood grows chil, a ſudden qualm in a deep Læthe ſeems to drown my joyes. *Enter Carteſ.*

But here comes ſhe, by whom thoſe thoughts are gon,
Earths happineſs, at whoſe creation
Nature ſpent all her ſtock: Welcome my love to make our joyes full,
Go adorn thy ſelf in all the richeſt Jems my Coffers yeelds; Wear all the Jewels purchas'd with my crown, and out-ſhine *Dian* in a Robe of ſtars.

Cart. For what, my Lord?

Can. To pleaſe mine eyes, and make all men admire thy Radencie.
Thy Beauty ſhall out-brave the glorious Sun, *Floriſh.*
Somewhat *Cans't* muſt do to be talk'd on. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Randolph, and his Siſter in Mourning.

Rand. Fie Siſter, weep no more, 'tis time to lay by grief, and with the death of your late husband, now bury your ſorrows.

Wife. Shu'd I forget ſo ſoon ſo good a husband?

Rand. His goodneſs was your good, your late dead husband has left you rich, and full Executrix to be over-ſeen by Mr. *Thornton*, whoſe care I cannot paſs without ſome note; For though his wealth be rays'd to Infinites, he not forgets a ſervants love.

Wife. Alas good brother, I have woo'd him from it.

Rand. How Siſter have you woo'd him?

Wife. I, from civility, Methinks 'tis unmannerly in me, to ſee a man ſo much in ſtate the better, to be ſo like a ſervant to me; I tell you I have woo'd him from it.

Rand. I think 'twere better far he woo'd you Siſter.

Wife. Woo'd me? For what?

Rand. For Love Siſter.

Wife. O fie, good Brother: The very word would wrong my husbands grave.

Rand. Tuſh, a Womans Sorrow, has been in black to day, in green to morrow.

Wife. I, but I am none of thoſe: No, no, Ile never marry.

Rand. Come, you are fooliſh, think upon him, Siſter, Hee's a rich man, I tell you. Hee's now the wealtheſt ſubject *England* hath.

Wife. O but my Husband!

Rand. Which of 'em? he that's gone, or this to come? Think of Mr. *Thornton*.

Wife. Alas, I am not his equal.

Rand.

Rand. Tuſh you were once his Better, hee's humble ſtill.

Wife. Well, Ile ſpeak no more on't.

Rand. Well, think on't then.

Wife. Hey, ho, Hee's a very honeſt man truly, and had my husband dyed but two months ago, I might ha' thought on't.

Rand. How fare you Sifter?

Wife. As a green widow ſir; Pray if you ſee Mr. *Thornton*, ſay I'd ſpeak with him. *Enter Thornton and a Workman.*

Rand. Are you there yfaith Siſter; See, hee's here already.

Thorn. Spare for no coſt, and ply the Workmen hard, Ile pay'em all, they ſhall not want for mony; have you tane the compaſs of the Wall?

Work. We have, to a foot ſir.

Thorn. How many Towers of ſtrength may be erected, dividing each diſtance by a hundred pace?

Work. 'Tis caſt already, and the compaſs falls,
A hundred fourſcore Towers to grace the Walls.

Thorn. How high de'you raiſe the Walls?

Work. As you directed ſir, full a hundred foot.

Thorn. Right, and twelve in breadth.

Work. Juſt ſo ſir, 'twill be a pleaſant walk to view the Town:

Thorn. So I wo'd have it; And therefore from the higheſt erect a Battlement above the Platform four foot high a'both ſides, both to ſecure, and make the place more pleaſant; See it rais'd ſo.

Work. I ſhall ſir.

Wife. O my dear Husband!

Thorn. Why, how now Miſtriſs?

Wife. O Mr. *Thornton*, I never ſee you, but I think of a good husband.

Rand. I marry Sifter, that's a pretty caſt.

Thorn. Your pardon I beſeech you gentle Miſtriſs; Your Factor and my ſelf have ſumm'd your ſtate, and find it clearly, all your debts diſcharg'd, in compleat value fifteen thouſand pound.

Rand. Ha, ha, Siſter, a good Dowry to get a new husband, truſt me.

Wife. No, no, Ile nere marry again; Ile e'enfollow Mr. *Thorntons* rule, you ſee he lives a Batchellor.

Rand. Sir, Methinks 'twere good you took a wife, and ſo leave your own to your own poſterity.

Thorn. In all, Ile take my Miſtreſs counſel: Pray reſolve me, Had a

I, a mind to marry, which in your judgement were the fitter, a Maid, or Widow?

Wife. Truly, I think a Widow ſir, you may imagine, I may ſpeak ſomewhat inmine own Flattery; but alas, 'tis a ſtate I ſhall not change! 'Tis for your good, I ſpeak in love, no hate,
A Widow ſir, will beſt ſecure your ſtate.

Thorn. You counſel well Miſtriſs, and Ile think on't.

Wife. The ſooner the better too, I can aſſure you; you'l find much comfort in't, you may elect ſome young green thing out of a Mayden choyce, that may be fury and froward, ſhe may pleaſe your eye a little, and other parts about you, but vex your heart, and be a gulph to ſwallow your eſtate; If you'l deal wiſely (as I hope you will) take me a Widow, that knows how and what to do, that has been ſeaſon'd in a husbands uſage, and one that will obey as you ſhall honor:
He that will quietly lay down his head,
Let him contract a Widow to his bed.
And ſtill I ſay, take me a Widow, ſir.

Rand. Why, you ſay honeſtly Sister; Do you underſtand her ſir; ſhe bids you take her a Widow.

Wife. You are merry Brother.

Thorn. Nay you ſaid ſo Miſtriſs, ſpeak't agen then, for by my Faith, wer't not for two things Miſtriſs, I'd come a wooing to you.

Rand. Two things? Why three things ſhall not hinder it; What are they?

Thorn. My firſt fear is, the marriage of ſo much wealth as ours compounded, would choak all content, and with the ſuperflux change all to cares.

Rand. You take good courſe for that already, ſir, your charitable works ſo well begun, will help to diſperſe the o're-plus freely.

Thorn. You have removed that well, the other is, that the remembrance of my poor eſtate; which is ſo publickly proclaimed to all men, might make my wealthy Miſtriſs here diſdain me.

Wife. Nay, that's your glory, ſir, and cannot be accounted as your ſhame.

Rand. Why La ſir, ſhe has helpt that her ſelf now.

Thorn. Yfaith, ſay then Miſtriſs (I am a bad Wooer, 'tis my beginning) ſhall it be a match?

Wife. I cannot ſo ſoon forget my late loſt husband.

Rand. Why, this repairs your loſſes, Siſter, you loſt a good one, and find his equal with a wealthy purchaſe.

Thorn.

Thor. Put me in hope that I may once injoy you.

Wife. I will not marry, ſir, theſe ſeven years, truſt me.

Rand. How? this ſeven years Siſter? fie upon't, we may be all dead and rotten ſix years before it; come, come, ſpeak in compaſs ſiſter.

Wife, Truely Brother under half a year I won't here on't.

Rand. I marry ſir, that was well bated. Speak agen Siſter, and let it be a fortnight.

Wife. A fortnight? no, no, not this month, beleeve me.

Ran. Away, away, a months too long, hark you ſiſter, wee'l clap it up privately to night, and the Town ſhall not know on't till a moneth hence.

Wife. To night? O fie upon't! an you love me Brother let it not be till to morrow morning, I beſeech you, for the ſpeech of people.

Ran. Afraid of wind? tuſh let it vaniſh Siſter, I ſay he ſhall marry thee to night.

Thor. Let it be ſo, and here's an earneſt Miſtris. *Kiſs.*

Wife. Alas I kiſs coldly in a morning Gown ſir,

Thor. Tuſh it ſhall off; wee'l marry, then to bed,
Wooing is idle, better to be ſped.

Wife. Uſe your own will ſir.

Ran. Why, ſo, 'tis as it ſho'd be now; imbrace him ſiſter,
And live in love and wealth, 'bove all admir'd,
Here's ſeven years quickly in an hour expir'd. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 4.

Enter King of Scots, Alured, Malcome, Edmond, and Captains, Drums and Colours.

K. Thus far tryumphantly with good ſucceſs, my Princely friends we have together march'd, and from the North parts quite diſperſt the *Danes*, alone the City *York* holds ſtirr again, whoſe buildings we will level with the earth, unleſs they ſuddenly yeeld up the City; give your advice moſt Princely *Alured*, on your fair quarrel all our Fates depend.

Alu. Your Highneſs has been fruitful in your love, bringing the beſt that *Scotland* can afford, in honorable Armes to right our wrong, let's forward then, and dare 'em to the Gates, our horſes hoofs ſhall furrow up their Land, and ſow the fields with blood inſtead of corn.

1 *Cap.* Spoke like the Brother of dead *Etheldred*, ſummon 'em to the Wals. Drums beat a parly.

Enter.

Enter Above, Harveld, and Souldiers.

Har. The meaning of this Parly.

King. *Danes* yee ſee all hope of Conqueſt has forſaken you quite, Two thouſand of your ſtouteſt Souldiers are ſain already by our conquering ſwords, if ye will yeeld affirm it, if no death ſhall in his meagre fury through your Hoſt, revel and catch your Jubile. Then tell us, do you reſolve to fight it out or fly.

Mal. Or ſtay and have your throats cut in the fight?

Edm. Or leap the wals, and break your necks before us?

Mal. Reſolve ſo quickly, and ſave us a labor.

Har. Yes, with immediate ſpeed, ſet ope the gates And like a torrent on their heads wee'l fall, The Field and Air ſhall be their buriel.

King. If there we fall, our fame out-laſts times date On to the field, bleſt with propitious fate. *Exeunt.*

Alarm, Excurſions. Enter King, Alured, Malcome, Edmond, Captains.

K. All earthly honors are thine own, fair Prince, and Heaven fights in thy cauſe, the Cities taken.

Alu. The *Danes* are all expuls'd and fled for ſafety.

Edm. The *Danes* are fled from danger, not from ſhame That ſtill purſues 'em whereſoere they fly And on their Tombs ſhall live eternally.

Mal. Let's ſeek the Love-ſick King *Canutus* forth, And in one Battel try his valors worth.

Alu. That's our intent moſt noble *Malcome*, but we muſt war ſecurely, all their ſtrength will now be bandied to oppoſe our coming, and therefore whilſt you here refreſh your Army, Duke *Edmond* and my ſelf will try our friends, and in theſe North parts gather up new Forces to aid us 'gainſt all *Daniſh* ſtratagems.

King. We like it well, aſſiſt us gracious Fate, To ſeat a true Prince in his Royal State. *Exeunt.*

Enter Thornton, Wife, Randolf, the Partners, Workmen, and George, with the table of the writing in golden Letters, and Grims Speech.

Part. Y'ave ſtoln a wealthy marriage Mr. *Thornton* unwarres to all the Town, but we are glad we are ſo well deceived.

Thor. Faith Gentlemen, it was not to abridge the Nuptial Feaſt, for that ſhall have his full Solemnity, but from ſome private cauſes of my Miſtris.

Whoſe

Whose power retains all former dutie from me,
And as a Servant still she shall command me.

Wife. Not so sir, I resign that title now, my self and state are onely by your power to be dispos'd and sway'd.

Rand. I, well said sister: This match was richly made, with liking and with joy to all the Country. And Brother *Thornton* (so Ile call you now) I came prepar'd to give you fit surrender of the last Bargain which you purchas'd of me.

Thor. Your Coal-pits and your Servants Brother *Randolf*.

Rand. Yes sir, and look you, this is the Orator must speak for all, in his mouth they have put the Law and willingness they have to serve. *Enter Grim.*

Thor. Who honest *Grim?*

Grim. Yes sir, and I am the Prologue to the Play,
And for them all I have to say.
Seven hundred men in sable wise,
From forth the Coal-pits shall arise,
Not melting men made out of wax,
But such as use Spade and Pick-ax.
Who when you bid 'em use their skils
Shall make a Dale of *Mauburn* hils,
Then raise a Mount as high as *Poles*
And turn it strait to burning coals.

Thor. This speech I think was pen'd on purpose.

Grim. I speak deep things, some sir, of 50 fathom deep, I do it *de profoundis*, and no disparagement to the Author, that which I have spoken was in as
Good ryme as en'ring in,
With hope, a half-penny, and a Lambs-skin.

Thor. Ha, ha, thou hit'st me there yfaith.

Grim. I give you a taste sir, how you shall find me here, and as for my seven hundred fellowers they are honest *Tartarians*, and whosoever deals with 'em shall find them grim fellows I assure you.

Thor. *Grim* thou wert always honest, and on my word thy love shall have reward.

Baily. Sir, all your works, both finished and intended, are pious, holy, and religious.

Part. And in the goodness if you still persever
You build your self a house in Heaven for ever.

Thor. Heaven have the praise of all, and look ye Gentlemen. Reach

me the Table *George*, I have here repair'ſt the copy of my firſt arrival here, which yet hangs up inſculp'd on a tileſhard; but now 'tis re-ſtor'd in golden Letters, with the ſame phraſe ſtil, onely thus alter'd,

Here at this Weſt-gate firſt, came *Thornton* in

Grim. With hope, a halfpenny, and a Lambs-skin. I remember that ſtill ſir.

Georg. How now *Grim*, are you ſo ſawcy Sirrah?

Thor. 'Tis well done *Grim*, I'd ha'c remembred ever, go place it ore the gate that all may view it, and witneſs theſe great bleſſings heaven has ſent. The reaſon why I urge this Regiſter,

To have my memory thus kept in ſtore,
Is not my wealth, but to record me poor.
Go ſee it done. *Ex. Workmen, George*

George. For ever may it ſtand to your renown!

Part. And all ſucceeding fame,
While this Town ſtands ſtill honor *Thorntons* name.

Thorn. Amidſt theſe poor indeavors of my love, my careful Maſter muſt not be forgot, whoſe Heir I am become, and for his ſake, I will re-edifie *Alhallows* Church, where in the peaceful bed of death he ſleeps, and build a Tomb for him cut out in Touchſtone, which in our *Perſian* Voyage was return'd, from whence my golden Mineral arriv'd.

Grim. In the likeneſs of old iron ſir.

Thorn. I, thou ſay'ſt true *Grim*.

Grim. I have wondered a thouſand times old Iron-fiſt the Smith did not hang himſelf for refuſing the firſt Tun of it, a whoreſon Coxcomb.

Wife. They ſay you got ſomewhat by it *Grim*.

Grim. Alas Miſtris, a few chips or ſo, ſome ten pounds worth for a groat, I think I bought on him, *Shout,*

Rand. How now, what mean theſe ſhouts?

Grim. I think there's ſome Match at Foot-bal towards, the Colliers againſt the whole Country, cut, and long tail. *Enter George*

Thor. What's the News good *George*?

George Prince *Alured* and *Edmond* Duke of *Thetford* are newly lighted, and deſire to ſpeak with the Town Magiſtrates.

Thor. We ſhall with joy receive him as our Prince, and wiſh he had as free poſſeſſion of this whole Kingdom, as this Town ſhall give him.

Enter Alured and Edmond.

All. See where he comes; All duty to your Highneſs.

Alu. Riſe Gentlemen, we have your hearts, forbear your knees, your

your true Allegaince hath proclaim'd it self that never yeelded yet to forreign Scepter, you have fortified your walls 'gainst all invasions
And in that circuit gloriously she stands
With kind imbraces to infold your friends.

Thor. Our Town, our selves, our lives are all your homigers, as the most lawful and indubitate Heir,
To our late Sovereign Lord, and to your Throne.
We fall as Subjects, you we know our own.

Alu. My best of thanks is due to my best friends. Which is the man amongst yee Gentlemen that bears the name of *Thornton*?

Thor. Your Subject and your Servant, Royal sir.

Alu. Let me imbrace you sir, and tell you this, your goodness speaks you nobly: *England* is fam'd in this fair Town, much honored by your vertues. Our Countries conquest by these *Danish* wars
Have not such blazon from our shame exhal'd,
As these your good deeds now have countervail'd.

Thor. I can do nothing but my duty sir.

Alu. 'Tis worthy praise in all, and trust me Gentlemen, we have good hope to see a happy day, and once again make *England* singular, Free in her self and Princes. I came now with my best Horsmanship from the *Scotch* Army, whose Royal King in Neighbor amity, is arm'd in my just cause, has past the *Tweed* with prosperous forrage through *Northumberland*, all Holds and Castles taken by the *Danes* restore themselves to his subjection in our behalf. The City *York* is won, from whence I came.

Ed. And whilst we forrage thus, their King *Canutus*, doating on the beauties of *Carteſmunda* Nun of *Winchester*,
Of his estate so careless now is grown,
Hee'l put no arms but *Carteſmunda's* on.

Thor. Go forward noble Princes, your work's good, and to incourage it, ten thousand pounds Ile lend your grace to leavy Souldiers, which if you never pay, Ile never aske, and for my own imployment to your aid, Ile lend (if you will honor me so far) all the full strength *Newcastle* can afford, I have seven hundred men that call me Master.

Grim. Besides *Grim* the chief Controler sir.

Thor. Very true sir, and these Ile four times double,
And three months shall their charge be mine alone,
To back your Right and seat you in your Throne.

Alu. Your bounty and your love exceeds all means of president and recompence.

Thor. 'Tis but my duty ſtill, which Ile not ſlack, go *Grim* and muſter my ſeven hundred Colliers, to them ile add two thouſand more of our *Newcaſtle* ſtrength, and thou ſhalt be an Officer to conduct 'em.

Grim. For a Corporal or ſo, let me alone with my Squadron, I dare undertake with my ſeven hundred Colliers in ſix days, under ground, to march to *London*, they ſhall dig their way themſelves too.

Rand. And know 'tis two hundred miles.

Grim. That's nothing, Ile march forty miles a day with 'em at pleaſure, there is no Pioneer to be compared to a Collier in his Coal-pit, if youle have a dozen Cities as we go, undermin'd and blown up, give but every man a buſhel of Apples to his Breakfaſt, and you ſhall hear the wind roar and ſhake the ground like an Earthquake.

Thor. Well ſir, wee'l try their valors; go *George*, get Armor ready, and *Grim*, get thou a Drum and Marſhal 'em.

Grim. If you wo'd rake hell and Phlegiton, Acaron and Barrathrum, all thoſe Low Countries cannot yeeld you ſuch a company. Tara, ra, ra, ra, ra, O brave Maſter, now for a company of conquering Colliers. Come *George*. *Exit.*

Thor. Now would it pleaſe my Leige ſo far to grace his humble Subjects and their new built Town to take a homely Banquet, we ſho'd think 'twere royal Neighborhood to heat our buildings.

Alu. We cannot be unkind, though to your hurt, we will diſpenſe with our great haſt ſo long, and then from Banquets unto Battels fly; Which Heaven (we hope) will guide ſucceſsfully. *Exeunt.*

Enter Harold, Huldrick, Oſrick, Captains, and Lords of Denmark.

Hul. Go let our Drums and Trumpets ſpight of fear, thunder aloud i'th Air, and tell *Canutus*, his Captains do attend to ſpeak with him he promis'd to come down.

Har. Yes down toth' earth.

Hul. And in the ſhameful ruins he prepares with luſt, and murder, bury up his name, he's known by nothing but a large defame, the City *York*, for want of aid it loſt, and ſtill the foe purſues, if thus we ſtand to ſooth him in this ſin, our conqueſt dies.

And we in blood muſt end our victories, 'sfoot ſound and call him.

Enter Hoffman.

Hof. Give your attendance Lords, the King is coming.

A flouriſh, and Drums and Trumpets.

Hul. 'Tis time he ſho'd, he has been abſent long
And done his honor, fame, and Country wrong.

How

How did he take your reprehension *Harold*?

Har. It startled him at first, but when with mildness he did appoint this general meeting to us, to what good purpose it inclines I know not.

Ofr. I hope the best, see here he comes, my Lord.

Florish. Enter Canutus leading Cartesmunda, richly attired and deckt with Jewels, Hofman, and Gentlemen attending.

Can. Where are our Vassals, attend your charge, and our delight, with all your best of care and diligence, or by those stars whose influence made me great; you dye in Torments all, let not the Sun extort from her bright Rayes, to give him lustre (or if inamor'd as we know he is) unless the Alpes have frozen up his Flames.

Let him not on her smooth front dart his heat,
No, not for all his glory or arched seat.

Omnes. All health and honor to the great *Canutus*.

Can. Rise in our favor, vail thy face my love, we must not have thee seen too much by slaves.

Cap. Content, attend the King and his fair love.

Ofr. Long may she be the Mistris of his youth:

Capt. And give him heaven on earth.

Har. And hell to boot: S'death shall we flatter thus?

Can. So, now you crouch and fawn like daunted Curs that dare not look the Lion in the face; Come *Cartesmunda* mount *Canutus* Throne. *Flourish.*

Let me unvail thy face, and tell me now, which of you all that thus have tax'd my lightness, cu'd (if possest of such a Jem as this) less value it then I: What think'st thou *Ofrick*?

Ofr. I have not seen the like.

Can. Nor ever shall, what Nature had in store was given to her,
And can one crown'd with such a heavenly weight,
Live and forgo this Center of delight.

Hul. Let not these vain Affections (Royal Lord) sway you from reason thus.

Can. Ha! What is he?

Hul. Do you not know me sir? the time has been, when in thy Battels *Huldrick* has been seen knee deep in blood, cutting his way by force, careless of life to free thy Royal person, and does your Mightiness not know me now? Then hear the news I bring to comfort you: The *Danes* once stil'd by Names of Conquerors, are now subdued and slain, The King of *Scots* banded together with the *English* forces, have lan-

at *York* o'rethrown our Garisons, and now to *London* march victoriously, defacing all thy conquer'd Cities burn;
And in their falls, the flames do rise so high,
They seem to light the Tapers of the skie.
And since Fames Trump which oft hath summon'd thee, is not so potent as to draw thee forth, thy honor bids me dare thee to the Field, if thy high spirit be not extinct by Lust: Let's arm our selves for shame.

Can. Traytor, thou hast deserved death, ere thou dyest; and this thy proud presume shall break thy neck, for chafing our high blood; O love thou art unjust, I feel assaults far sharper in my breast, then all the *English* Forces, 'gainst this wall; now love and honor, with their opposite powers
Afflicts my soul, and with their vertuous strife,
Plead for my Love, my Honor, Fame, and Life;
With this mans words, my passions strongly move.
He for my honor speaks. Honor, but Love
I am thy Martyr now, and must go on,
For what is Honor but Addition,
Got in our pride of youth; yet stay *Canutus*, think of thy wonted Fame, go on and conquer. Give me my horse, and I will quickly quell 'um.

Carlef. What will *Canutus* do?

Can. O *Carlesmunda*, with that heavenly voyce, already I am chang'd, stern War remains; Kiss me, and kiss me dead, my best of Loves.

Osr. Hee's chang'd agen.

Hul. This Strumpets eye, does sure bewitch him with her Sorcery; Ile not indure this shame. *Enter a Post.*

Post. Where is my Lord?

Can. Where thou shalt not be long: What wouldst thou Villain?

Post. Arm mighty Prince, we have descried at hand, the Horse and Ensigns of the *English* Army, troop'd with their Leaders like the gods of War, who in bright steel, the fields do stoutly bear.

Can. And there seek that which thou vile Dog shalt have; Comest thou to fright my Love? *Kills him.*

Hul. Do not expose a mighty Nation, thus naked, to the Tyranny of Lust, *Canutus.*

Can. Traytor.

Hul.

Hul. As thou art great, be just, Let not a Scrumpets love, work all our Ruines; the Enemie's at hand, and from thy side; Ile force this painted Whore.

Car. Help me *Canutus.*

Hul. What, can you cry?

Can. Wer't thou *Joves* Minion, slave, thou thus had'st dy'd

Canutus runs at him, catches her up in his arms, and runs upon his sword.

Hul. Ile meet it thus,
And dying so my end is glorious.

Car. Oh I am slain!

Hul. I have my happy wish then, Welcome death,
I dyed (*Canutus*) to preserve thy breath. Dyes.

Can. Sink down to hell; What has my rashness done?
O *Carteſmunda*, stay thy fainting breath,
Thou still shalt live with me in spight of death:

Car. My Fate is come, great King, my vestal Vow, that broken, with my wish is fain upon me.
For your fair love I fayl'd my faith with heaven,
And from your hand my death is justly given.
Such was my former wish, farewel *Canutus.*
And with my fall may thy great Fame arise,
Poor *Carteſmunda*, thus untimely dyes. Dyes.

Can. May all the world dye with thee; now I see
The heavens envy an earthly Diety.

Har. Brave *Huldrick* that durst dye for Countries good,
And for our freedom spent thy life and blood.

Canut. Ha, sit you weeping there; or has Amazement turn'd you into stone,
That like men gasping all *Medusa's* stand,
To see my Love thus fall by mine own hand:
Our Self will instantly be in the Field, and scourge the *English* pride and Inhabitants. Sound up our Drum, and call our Troops together, and arm with speed, Ile to the Field, and fight; Farewel dear Love, whom I of life bereft, for which unwilling Act, O pardon me:
Canutus arms, a while shall be thy Tomb,
Then gold inclose thee till the day of Doom. *Exeunt.*

Act. IV.

At one Door, Enter Canutus, Harald, Captains, with Drum and Colours.

At the other, *Malcol. Alured, Edm, Drum, with Colours.*

Can. How harsh these Drums sound now, that once like Musick, did more delight mine ear than *Orpheus* Lute. Sweet *Carteſmunda's* death my senses kill, Like one long sick, I relish all things ill. *Enter all the Colliers.*

Har. Courage my Lord, see where the *Engliſh* stand braving your Mightiness: Let's set upon 'em, and never leave till to their mother Earth they pay their lives as Tribute. Now, what sayes *Canutus*?

Can. That ye all are Rebels.

Om. Eng. Rebels?

Alu. Stay let him speak it out.

Can. An hundred thirteen years, the *Engliſh* Kings have paid to *Denmark*, and our Ancestry an annual Tribute of ten thousand pounds, which you unjustly and rebelliously detain from me, a lawful successor.

Alur. 'Tis true *Canutus*, that the *Denmark* Kings, so long our native Island hath usurp'd, and whilst they kept within their *Daniſh* bounds, and left us to enjoy our own in peace, we justly paid our homage Fealty. But since your Father *Hardiknute* arose, and you succeeding him, neither content with that our Tribute, but would further seek our utter Extirpation, which five and twenty years you have attempted, planting here your selves in *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, and in *Cambridgeshire*, erecting Garrisons through all our Kingdom against the Laws of former Articles, we now resolve to spend our Royal blood, and either countervail our former loss, or hazard all we hold, by doubtful battel.

Can. That is your answer then?

Omnes. Resolvedly for all.

Can. Now by the high, and Royal blood of Kings.

Edm. Swear by the beauteous Nun of *Wincheſter*; you oft have kist that book.

Can. And that one word, has rais'd more vigor in my active blood, then ere her beauty flam'd my Appetite to crop the sweets of Love.

Mal. It shall be cool'd with better spels than earst her wanton Magick could e're invent to lay thy burning Ardor.

All. Danes. Parly no more *Canutus*.

Can. O *Carteſmunda* from thy gentle Arms,
I flye to conquer in Wars rough Alarms. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. Excurſions. Enter Canutus and Alured.

Can.

Can. Why do'ſt not ſtrike? do'ſt thou not like thy Aym? or do'ſt not know me? I am the *Daniſh* King, that which all Souldiers ſeek in bloody War, may here be got on me, eternal honor and eaſily too, for by the powers that made me, my ſenſes are benummed.

Alur. I dare not, nor will take no ſuch Advantage, though I on thee could vent my rougheſt ſpleen; paſs ſafe, my Lord, I will not fight with you for your fair Siſters ſake, whoſe love was to me ſo high and potent, that it did attract her Virgin-thoughts to dart Loves joyes into me, and for the zeal due to her Memory, keep what I co'd take from you, Life and Honor.

Can. I prethee take it, Ile yeeld it willingly, and, for I ſee thou art religious in thy love, let me imbrace thy breſt, and of my Love, bright *Carteſmunda* Nun of *Wincheſter*, Ile tell ſo ſad a Tale.

Alur. I cannot ſtay to hear it, hark great Sir,
Wars Muſick ſummos me, for *Elgina's* ſake,
I ſlip the Advantage that Fate bids me take. *Exit.*

Can. O for a Midwife, I am big with grief,
And fain would be delivered, tho with death.

Alarms. Enter Harold, Oſrick, Captains, and Souldiers.

Har. See where he ſtands, ſecure him Souldiers, Never did man ſo feebly uſe his ſword in ſuch ſad times of Terror, O my Lord, can you in all this danger be thus calm?

Oſ. Though you neglect your ſelf, yet prize your honor, or if not that, yet for your ſubjects ſake, be pleas'd to re-aſſume your wonted valor.

Can. Can he be valiant that's without a heart? or can a ſenſeleſs Trunck have ſenſe of Loſs?
Such have you made me, therefore ſhare the gain,
And to theſe *Engliſh* leave your Lives and Fame.

All. There is no way but Flight.

Can. Thank your ſelves for't; had *Carteſmunda* liv'd, and grac'd mine Attempts, but with a ſmile; theſe *Engliſh*, would as ſoon take part with thoſe that from *Olympus* ſtrove to pluck down *Jove*, as look upon *Canutus* ſound Retreat, the blood of *Carteſmunda* ſtirs the gods for this Revenge; and if this may appeaſe her angry ſoul, we get by loſing it; Do what yee will, for I will never more taſte joy on earth; her death makes all things poor.

Omnes. What ſhall we do?

Har. What elſe, but fight and dye,
And in our deaths hide all our Infamy.

Alarm. Enter Thornton, Randolph, and the Colliers, they fight and take Canutus prisoner, and drive out the rest. A Florish and a Retreat sounded.

K. Scots. *Enter Alured, Donald, Malcolme, Edmond, Thornton, with prisoners, Grim, and the Colliers, leading Canutus, and Osrick.*

K. Thus from the usurped Temples of *Canutus*, we take the *English* Crown and plant it here, to whom in right it legally belongs. Princes and Souldiers, now with me proclaim Victorious *Alured*, *England's* Sovereign.

Omnes. Long live great *Alured* our lawful King. *Florish.*

Alur. First to all-helping heaven due thanks we give,
Then next to you, by whom our glories live.

Grim. 'Twas I that took him prisoner, my Lord, the Colliers are the Conquerors.

Alu. We will reward your Valours.

Har. Propose a ransome Royal *Alured*, to sad *Canutus* and his Country-men.

Can. Give me no Ransom sir, O let me dye, in *Cartesmunda's* death I brake my vow, and for her sake I have neglected all, and willingly have sought mine own sad ruine; Ile have no Ransom, *Cartesmunda's* dead, let me be buried with her, that's all the mercy I now will beg of thee from all thy Conquests.

Alu. No great *Canutus*, for I pitty thee, I call to mind thy Royal Sisters love, beauteous *Elgina*, worthier then thy Nun, whose loving heart was once unbosom'd here, and for her sake, Ile like a brother use thee, this one condition frees thee ransomless, that you abate the Fealty we paid you, you shall return unto your State in *Denmark*, and henceforth even as brothers wee will live, exchanging Embassies of Love and Honor. And now to you my worthy Country-men it shall be texted to your lasting fame, that your *Newcastle* strength set *England* free in this dayes fair and happy Victory, for which, and for thy sake (most worthy *Thornton*) wee'l give a lasting honor to the Town, now beautified by thee with Wals and Towers, to which wee'l add all noble priviledge belonging to a Town Incorporate; and for your former Government of Portcreans, we here establish it a Majoralty, and *Thornton* as the first we here create Mayor of *Newcastle*, and give thee the power to elect a brotherhood of Aldermen, with choice of Sheriffs to assist thy Government, your Charter shall be drawn with fullest strength,
Even with the faireſt Cities of our Land,
This Sword confirms it from King *Alureds* hand;

Bear

Bear it before ye ſtill.

Thorn. Your Highneſs gives us honor 'bove our Merits.

Alur. We have not yet done all, but what we want, wee'l ſtudy to requite to thee and them.

Grim. Then ſince your grace is got into the giving Vain, I beſeech you ſir, Let Corporal *Grim* be bold to put a Colliers requeſt into one of your ears.

Alur. What's that *Grim*?

Grim. Only this ſweet King, I that for thy ſervice ſake was Corporal, to be Warden of your Coal-Carriers, to provide Coals, Surreverence, for your Highneſs own tooth, Ile promiſe you weight and meaſure, if none of your Officers do purloyn, and warm their Noſes at your fires in their own Chimnies.

Alu. A reaſonable Requeſt: Thou art our Coal-carrier.

Grim. Nay, Ile carry no Coals neither, I can tell you, and yet I have another Chaldron of curteſies to deare from your kindneſs, that in remembrance of *Newcaſtle* Colliers that have fought ſo bravely, we may from henceforth have the upper ſhoulder, and the wall of *Croydon* Colliers, and that if ever they be found with a Gooſe in their ſacks, they may be made to ſtand a whole Market day in the Bakers Pulpit, becauſe they ſhewed themſelves Cowards to their Country, and durſt not fight againſt the *Danes*, as we have done.

Alur. All this is granted ſir.

Grim. Then ſtand thy ground, old Coal of *Newcaſtle*, and a fig for *Croyden*.

Alur. How now, ſtill ſad *Canutus*? We now muſt war with love, to raiſe this ſiege, which we will do with Banquets, and with Revels. Great King of *Scotland*, we are yet a debtor to your kind love, which thus we 'gin to pay, all thoſe our Northern borders bounding on *Cumberland*, from *Tine* to *Tweed*, we add unto your Crown, ſo 'twas fore-promiſed, and 'tis now perform'd; Moſt fit it is that we be ever lovers; The Sea that binds us in one Continent,

Doth teach us to imbrace two hearts in one,
To ſtrengthen both 'gainſt all invaſion.
Look up *Canutus*, now all's cleer above,
Let *Carteſmunda* dye in our new love;
And let ſwift fame thy former glories ring,
And hide the follies of a *Love-ſick King*. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.